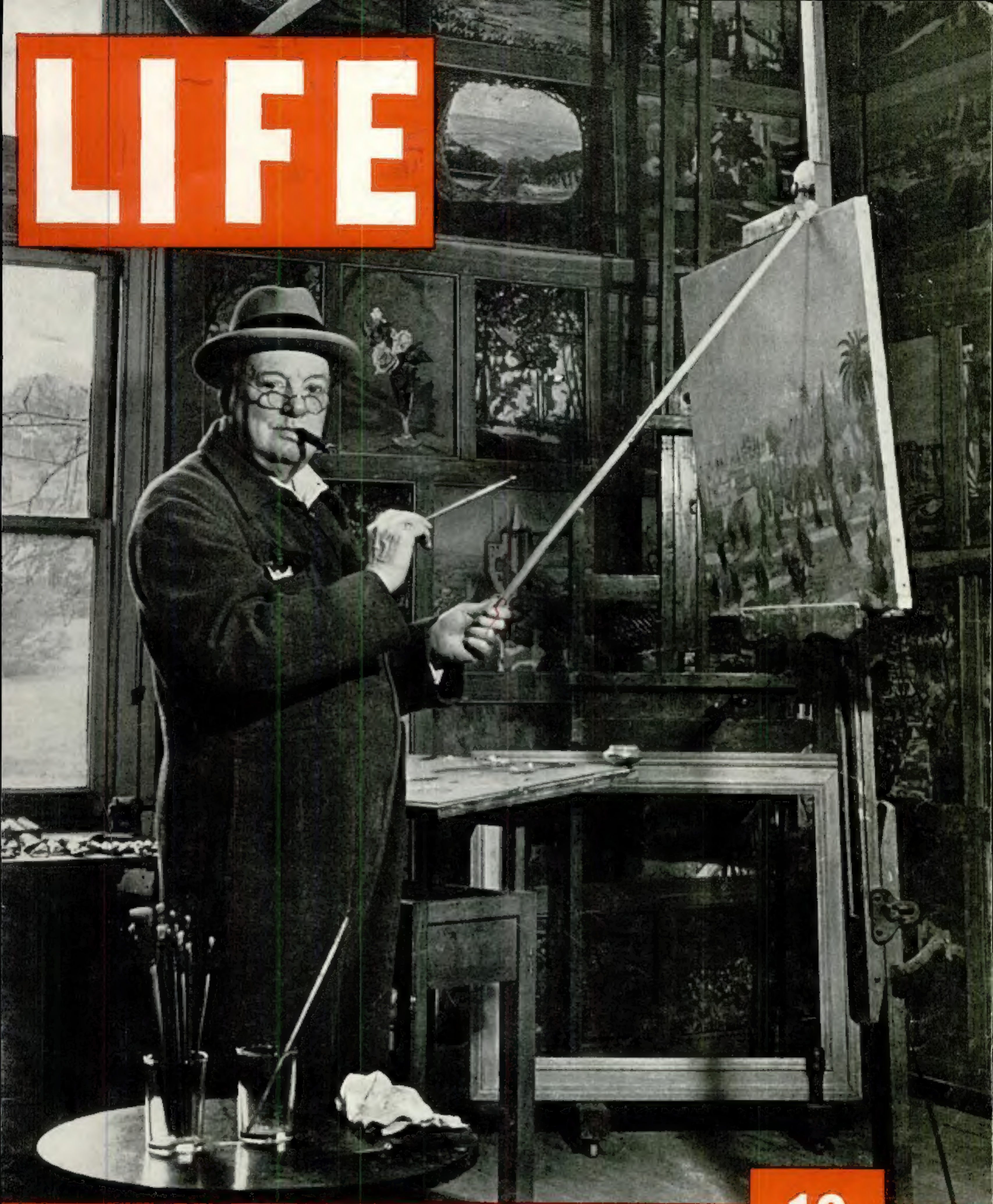


LIFE



Churchill's Paintings

JANUARY 7, 1946 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



THIS LABEL IDENTIFIES
THE FINEST WOOLENS IN THE WORLD

FORSTMANN WOOLEN COMPANY
PASSAIC, N.J.

PIN-UP GIRL...MODEL MOTHER

Beauty winner turned model says:
"My dental 'beauty secret'
is no secret to my daughter!"

YOU MIGHT THINK that being a model, secretary and singer would be career enough for any woman. Especially when you add beauty prizes and an officers' "Pin-up Club" in the South Pacific.

But not for Florida's lovely Laura O'Banion. Her major interest lies in her blond, 7-year old daughter Patricia, whose wholesome smile already reflects her mother's care.

For Laura's modeling career has taught her the importance of a smile. And she's making sure that Patty practices the same dental "beauty secret" she herself follows: *Regular brushing, followed by gum massage with extra Ipana.* A radiant smile, you see, depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.




A third-grader at seven is Patty. And smart enough to realize the importance of her nightly workout on teeth and gums with Ipana. For Mother has explained that gums should be massaged every time she cleans her teeth with this famous tooth paste. This speeds up needed circulation within the gums, thus helping to safeguard her future smile.



The way to train a smile is this. First, Patty brushes her teeth. Then she massages with Ipana, too, to guard against tender gums. Among adults, sensitive gums often herald their warning with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to see your dentist right away. He may merely suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



World's two loveliest smiles, according to proud father William O'Banion, a Government aircraft communicator. One reason they're such charmers is because the O'Banion teeth and gums get proper care. Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

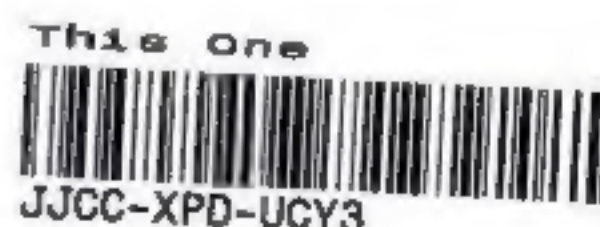


Product of Bristol-Myers

**Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with
Ipana and Massage**



Should parents go to school to learn what so many children already know—the value of gum massage? For proper care of teeth and gums is being taught in thousands of classrooms today. Not only that: 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, as shown in a nationwide survey. Same survey shows that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice for their own use!





Their romance plot: Whirlwind wooing before Arthur went overseas... daily dates by letter... then, Wedding March! "Arthur's a fan for a sparkling complexion!" tells Jean. "So I'm the gal who never misses her Woodbury Facial Cocktail. What a pick-up... what a freshener!" Smart Jean. Happy Arthur!



Dizzy... yes... no? Jean designs her hats; Arthur is kibitzer. Don't worry, Arthur! No hat can eclipse Jean's sparkingly clear skin. Jean designs her charm with Woodbury Facial Soap. Different!... contains a costly beauty ingredient for extra-mildness. The soap that kisses your skin!



Weds a shootin' man. Note guns over fireplace and how accurately Arthur "sights" Jean's morning-fresh complexion. "Don't know how she gets that way," says Arthur, "but it's sm-oo-th!" Arthur, now you're talking Woodbury—famous for lovely-to-touch skin! The beauty soap for skin alone.

IT'S "I DO" DAY FOR ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB



Scoop for Cupid: Jean Aubeck of New York and Newport weds Arthur Nolté Watson, home from overseas. Reception at Sherry's. "Album pose" shows Jean's lovely dress of angelskin... her own "angel skin" is à la Woodbury!



Home again, Arthur found Jean prettier than her pictures. How come, Jeannie? "By twice-daily Woodbury Facial Cocktails!" she says. "First, lots of Woodbury's creamy lather. Then, rinses—warm and cold. Glamour date no girl should miss!"



"Pretty" yourself with Jean's beauty routine. So soon your complexion can look clearer, feel smoother! Woodbury Facial Soap is extra-mild, contains a costly ingredient to help guard skin beauty. Made only in cake form by skin scientists for the skin alone... for kiss-me complexions!



THIS LOOKS LIKE A WAR PICTURE but it's right here in the U. S. A. It shows a part of a telephone cable-laying job. We're planning to install 2,100,000 miles of Long Distance circuits within a year.

Lots of action on the Long Distance front

Long Distance calls are still at a high level and there's still pressure on the wires. But we're on the way to giving you more and better service than you've ever had before.

Telephone factories are turning out equipment for peace with the same speed that they turned it out for war. All over the land, telephone men are laying cable, installing switchboards and working on new telephone buildings for the nation's increased needs.

It's a tremendous job and it will take some time and a lot of money. But we're going at it, eagerly and efficiently, with every resource at our command.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

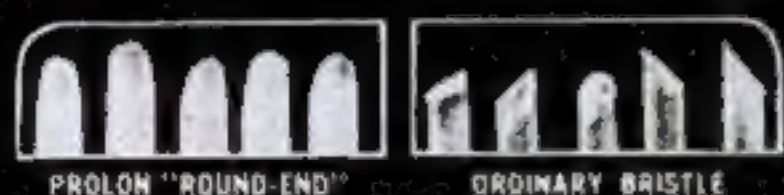


LISTEN TO "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER NBC

JUST CAN'T LIVE UP TO MY NEW
YEAR'S RESOLUTION...TO GROW BRISTLES
AS GOOD AS PROLON!



For years only hog bristle made
fine tooth brushes. Then Science
made round-end **PROLON**



Actual Photomicrographs

Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon

PROPHY-LACTIC EXCLUSIVE
ROUND-END PROLON BRISTLES

Far and away the best of the new
synthetic tooth brush bristles, being
marketed under various trade names,
are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very
finest grade of this duPont synthetic
bristle.

PROLON — no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive
tooth brush claims, ask yourself this:
*How can the same duPont bristle, in
another brush under another name, last
longer or clean better than under the
name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush?* You know the answer
... it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon
is the only synthetic bristle that is
rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! Under a special patented

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic,
we smooth and round the end of each
and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic
Prolon Tooth Brush. See for yourself
how much gentler these round ends
are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

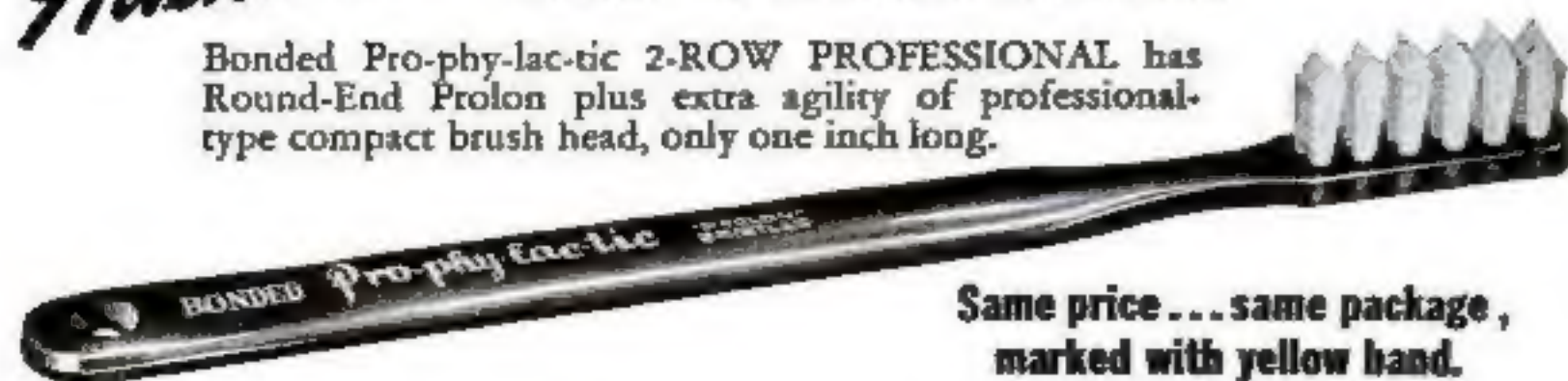
In addition to round-end bristles, the
Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush
gives you these three important "ex-
tras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic
end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-
get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping
of bristles to permit thorough cleansing
of brush after using. 3. A written guar-
antee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money
... get the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon
Tooth Brush.

Attention!

Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has
Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-
type compact brush head, only one inch long.



Same price ... same package,
marked with yellow band.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

SORORITIES

Sirs:

We were very pleased to see the
excellent job that you did on the
sorority story (LIFE, Dec. 17). While
there are points in it which some so-
rорity members would prefer to have
left unsaid, it is my impression that
you did a good factual interpretation
of the material that was available.
The university's president, Robert L.
Stearns, has seen the article and
agrees with my comments.

I talked to Shirley Smith on the
phone and she seemed "happy about
the whole thing." Some of the Kappa
sisters thought that LIFE's descrip-
tion of them, i.e., "elegant and re-
strained," was not quite the impres-
sion they had of their chapter. Kappa
President Joan Pratt says she
has a devil of a time keeping them
restrained, let alone elegant. . . .

JOHN W. BARTRAM

University of Colorado
Boulder, Colo.

Sirs:

As a firsthand observer of the
agonies sororities can cause on col-
lege campuses, may I commend you
for your excellent story. I have seen
"the Greeks" in action on two
campuses as a transfer student. At a
large university they present some-
thing of a problem; at a small college
they are dangerous.

... Perhaps the prime evil lies in
the fact that the girls who need what
a sorority can offer are those who are
refused. The timid, shy girl who
might learn poise, conversation and
the joy of companionship is pushed
aside in favor of the girl who already
has these things and can benefit or
enhance the prestige of the sorority
by her membership. . . .

MARJORIE MITCHELL

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

I wish to add my voice to those of
the people who heartily disapprove of
sororities. I am a member of the
Delta Gamma sorority, and so I speak
from firsthand experience. I do not
feel this way because I think soror-
ities are snobbish but because they at-
tempt to make their members think
and act in a mold set by the all-wise
sorority. The sorority tells a girl who
her friends should be, for whom she
should vote at the campus elections
and, in short, dictates to her what her
thoughts and actions shall be. Sup-
posedly they maintain a high scholas-
tic standing (a C level), when it is
generally known that there are not
many educational institutions that
will let a person continue his or her
studies for very long with a level be-
low C.

If you ask why I joined a sorority
when I feel so strongly on the subject,
I can only say that it was done in all
ignorance and innocence. . . .

MARGERY D. ROGERS

South Euclid, Ohio

Sirs:

I am amazed. . . . Sororities demand
the highest qualities in women, in
sportsmanship, scholastics and a dem-
ocratic way of life not only in college
but in their lives outside school.

THELMA SUMMERSON WANDALL

Clayton, N.J.

Sirs:

LIFE exposes a sorely festering spot
in college activities, and this same

problem exists with fraternities in
men's universities. . . .

As a former fraternity member, I
can testify that the choice of candi-
dates centers about such penetrating
qualifications as athletic prowess,
selection of the "right" clothes,
"proper" religious affiliations, a glib
conversational gift and, generally
speaking, how the pledgee will look
around the house. Of course, if the
candidate's father was a member he
is known as a "legacy" and must be
pledged (remember, the alumni help
support the house).

Your story may do much to under-
mine this youthful system of planned
ostracism which Woodrow Wilson
first criticized when he headed Prince-
ton University. . . .

GEORGE MCCURRACH

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

... College women will organize
into social groups to the exclusion of
others whether they use Greek let-
ters, Spanish diphthongs or Van
Johnson's initials for their names.
So long as women are women, they
will continue to buy hats, clothes,
make-up and assert their superiority
over each other in thousands of other
ways as long as we men pay any at-
tention to them—God bless 'em.

DAVE GRAGG

Kansas State College
Manhattan, Kan.

Sirs:

... We should like to refute the
statement that cliques would supplant
sororities. We have found that this
situation does not exist at Vassar.
Here students are assigned to the
various dormitories with the inten-
tion of mixing races and creeds, so
that they will benefit not only by
academic studies but also through
socially broadening contacts.

We may have cliques but they are
not necessarily formed by "social po-
sition, wealth and family connec-
tions," as sororities are supposedly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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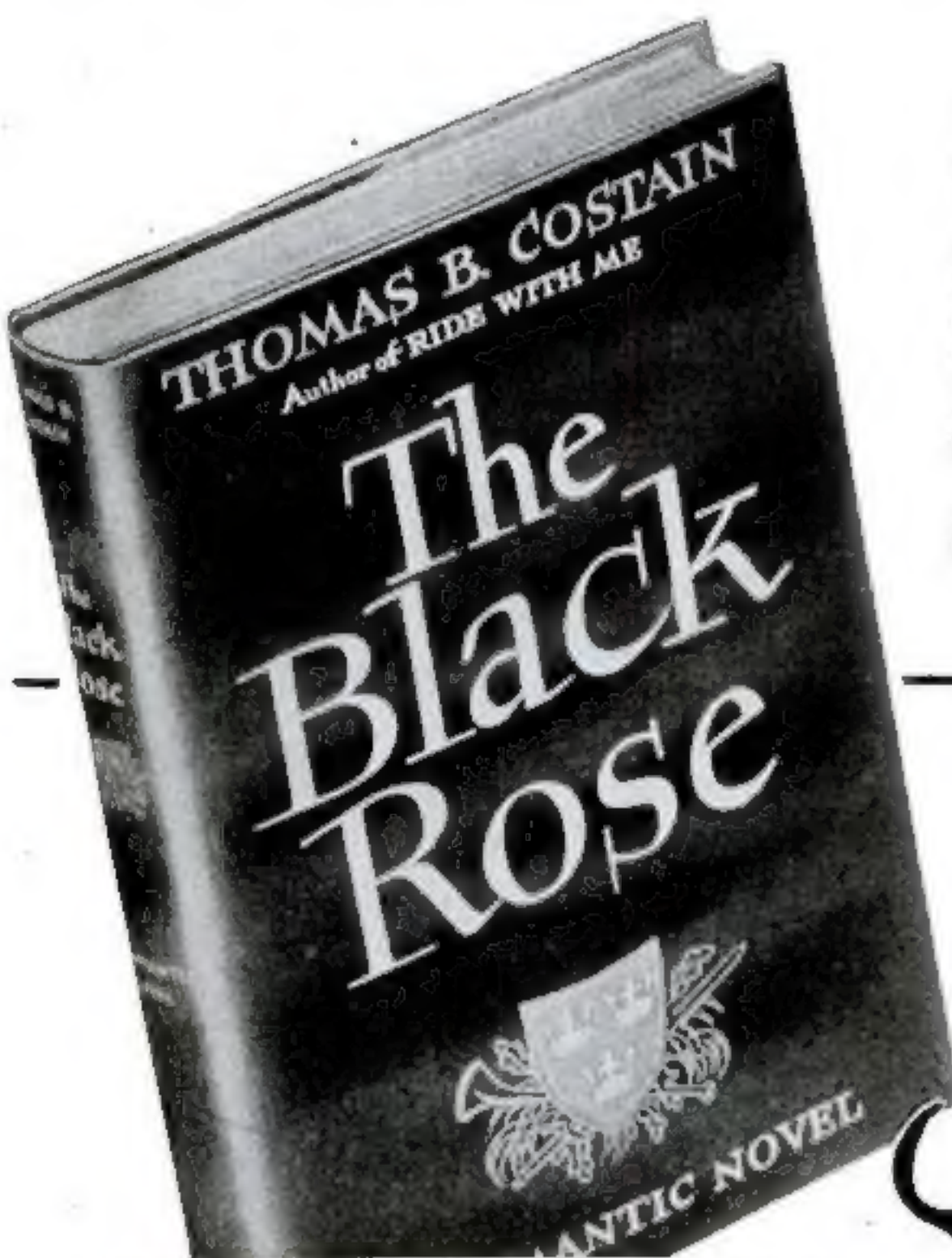
LIFE
January 7, 1946

Volume 20
Number 1

"Help Me— Help Me"

BEGGED MARYAM

SO HE MARRIED HER—AND FLED!



EVEN this hint of what is in store for the reader of "The Black Rose" will reveal why this breath-taking story jumped to the top of Best-seller lists immediately.

Doomed to the life of a harem girl, beautiful Maryam begged to be saved. And Walter of Gurney, imprisoned by the barren, treacherous desert, surrounded by blood-thirsty Mongolian guards armed with hatred and vicious spears, risked torture and death to free this piteous stranger. Was it pity? Was it passion? Was it love? Why did he marry Maryam when his solemn vow pledged him to aristocratic, desirable Engaine?

If you read for sheer *entertainment*, you will be carried away by the thrilling, touching love story in "The Black Rose." If you seek *adventure*, your blood will race

as you travel the hazardous spice-trails of a baked and wind-blown desert—as you revel in the opulence of a fabulous Oriental palace—as you bear witness to the injustice of the old English feudal system.

Here is a historical romance that magically transports you and your easy chair to the panoramic scenes of the grandeur, love, and danger of a never-to-be-forgotten age. No wonder nearly 800,000 readers are already acclaiming Thomas Costain's sensational new novel as the finest they have read in years! And now, though "The Black Rose" is selling by the thousands in the publisher's edition at \$3.00 retail, you can obtain your copy absolutely **FREE** by joining the Literary Guild Book Club, as explained below.

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD BOOK CLUB

Free "The Black Rose"

by THOMAS COSTAIN

Literary Guild Membership Costs Nothing

Literary Guild membership is free—there are no dues or fees. Each month you will receive your copy of "Wings," the Guild's illustrated book-review Brochure, which contains articles about the Literary Guild selection to be published the following month. From these articles you decide whether or not you care to receive the Guild book described. If not, you simply return the form supplied and no book will be sent to you that month. If, however, the Guild selection is one you don't want to miss, it will be sent to you on publication date.

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Literary Guild books are selected by our Editorial Staff from proofs submitted by leading publishers long in advance of their publication date. Because the Literary Guild is the largest book club in the world, a huge special edition is printed at a tremendous saving in cost. This saving is passed on to members. The Literary Guild edition is manufactured at the same time as the publisher's edition, yet Guild members pay a flat price of only \$2.00 for each Guild book accepted, instead of the higher price charged for the same book sold at retail in the publisher's edition.

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In addition, Guild members receive a beautifully printed, handsomely bound copy of one of the "Collector's Library" volumes—heretofore available only in a limited edition at \$10 per copy—as a bonus for every four Guild books purchased! To be a "member in good standing" merely requires that you accept a

minimum of only four Guild books a year out of the 12 or more new and important fiction and non-fiction Guild books to be published. It is not necessary to accept a Guild book every month.

Send No Money—Mail Coupon NOW

The convenience, the enjoyment, and the saving of about 50% of your book money will, we hope, prompt you to become a member of the Literary Guild at once. As a special inducement for joining now instead of "later" you will be sent—**FREE**—a copy of "The Black Rose," which is being sold currently in the publisher's edition at \$3.00. As a new member you can now buy any of the following recent Guild selections for only \$2.00 each. See coupon.

"THE KING'S GENERAL," By Daphne du Maurier
A love story that takes its place among the romantic classics of all time. By the author of "Rebecca," "Hungry Hill," etc. First printing 825,000 copies. Publisher's price, \$2.75.

"NO WILL REMEMBERED," By James Hilton
The wife who wrecked the lives of two husbands—one of whom was much too good to her! Publisher's price, \$2.50.

"THE GAUNTLET," By James Street
Was it wrong for these servants of God to live and love like other human beings? Publisher's price, \$2.75.

"THREE O'CLOCK DINNER," By Josephine Pinckney
The story of jealousies, passions, hatreds and loves that exploded at a typical three o'clock "family dinner." Publisher's price, \$2.50.

Because of production limitations the number of new members the Guild can service is restricted. By joining now, your new membership can be accepted at once, and you will be guaranteed against any price increase on Guild selections for a year. **MAIL COUPON NOW.**

Mail This Coupon

FREE: The Black Rose

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 11M, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me "The Black Rose" absolutely **FREE**. I am also to receive free each month the Guild Brochure, "Wings," and all other membership privileges, including bonus books. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only \$2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publisher's edition) within a year.

(If you wish, you may have as your first selection any one of the following books for only \$2.00. Just check the box preceding the title.)

☐ The Gauntlet ☐ So Well Remembered
☐ Three O'Clock Dinner ☐ The King's General

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (Please Print)

Street and No. _____

City _____ Zone No. _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Age, if Under 21 _____

Price in Canada, \$2.20; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., PUBLISHERS, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Hey! What's the Biggs idea?

It was just a small idea. A little act of wisely thoughtfulness on the part of Mrs. J. E. Biggs of Oklahoma City.

But it resulted in her making a discovery she'll be thankful for all her life!

It seems that *Mister Biggs*, true to his name, is a plus-six-footer. So Mrs. Biggs had an extra-long mattress made to fit him. And then, of course, she had to buy extra-size sheets to fit the mattress. Well, to quote her letter:

"That's how I discovered beautiful, snowy-white Pequot. There were other sheets aplenty, but I chose Pequot, because they looked so lovely."

Mister Biggs was very pleased, as what six-foot husband wouldn't be. And that made the Missus happy too. But imagine her extra and special delight, she writes:

"...when I discovered how beautifully those Pequot sheets wore! First, for many years on the grown-ups' bed. Then cut down for the children's cribs, still smooth and white and perky."

Only recently, Mrs. Biggs cut the remnants into soft bandages for the family First Aid box. Is it any wonder *the Biggs family is sold on Pequots*?

This is one more "from life" example of why Pequots have so long been *America's favorite sheets*. If your store should be short, a new supply will surely be along soon. So keep asking for Pequots! Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-
looking



so long-
wearing

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

formed, but by living together and making friends within the same dormitory.

ANNE ROSAR '47
SUE FRUCHTRAUM '48

Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Sirs:

... As a senior who has been an "independent" for four years, I have had unlimited opportunities to see old high-school friends snub me because they are sorority members and I am not. On the other hand, I have seen a large number of very fine girls make a fiasco of their educations simply because they weren't "accepted." I have, by my own choice, never joined nor been rushed by a sorority and I feel that I have been as lucky and had as pleasant a life as these sorority girls have had. ...

RUTH STERN

Urbana, Ill.

SNAKE AND RAT

Sirs:

The purpose of this letter is to protest strongly against LIFE's pictures of a snake eating a rat (Dec. 17). Horror pictures of the war may have served a useful purpose, but zoological horror pictures can add nothing useful to anyone's stock of information.

I do not protest on my own behalf but because of the children who read your magazine. The law of the land ought to protect them from such pictures. ...

P. CARDEN

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

... The story wasn't as repulsive as some of your readers will probably say it was. But I wonder what good this information is going to do us? How is this knowledge going to benefit science? If it isn't, why bother the snake? Why not let him eat in peace?

JANE FRONTMAN

Cranford, N. J.

THE HOUSING SHORTAGE

Sirs:

The article in the Dec. 17 issue of LIFE, entitled "The Great Housing Shortage," in my opinion is the most constructive, informative and important news story to appear on this vital subject to date. You have performed an outstanding public service in bringing to the attention of the American public the accurate facts on this serious problem.

As the author of H. R. 4761, a bill

now being considered by the House Committee on Banking and Currency as a means of assisting veterans and other hardship cases to secure adequate housing for rental or purchase at fair prices, I find it particularly gratifying to read such an article as yours which reflects so much accurate research on this current problem.

The government must look to private industry to solve this problem, but the Congress and the Administration can be of great assistance to both the builder and the buyer by seeing to it that our scarce supply of building materials is channeled to the most worthy type of projects. ...

WRIGHT PATMAN
Member of Congress

Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

LIFE's housing editorial (Dec. 17) is a tragedy of errors. Americans do know how to build houses. We even overbuilt after the last war when there was no threat of government meddling. The building industry is scared stiff by the present threat, backed by public housers, to strangle the industry. At any sign of the green light the "obsolete" building industry will fill the demand for houses and fast.

F. F. FAOST
Real Estate

Des Moines, Iowa

POLYDACTYLISM

Sirs:

I wish to express my thanks for the splendid article on "Polydactylism in Georgia" (LIFE, Dec. 17).

Just recently we were studying about polydactylism in our health class. We had quite a discussion on the question of whether a person could acquire six fingers if his mother saw a man with six fingers before the child's birth. We tried to prove from other books that it was a hereditary trait. Your article gives us even more proof that it is hereditary.

DOTTY BRADEN

Youngstown, N. Y.

"DOODLING"

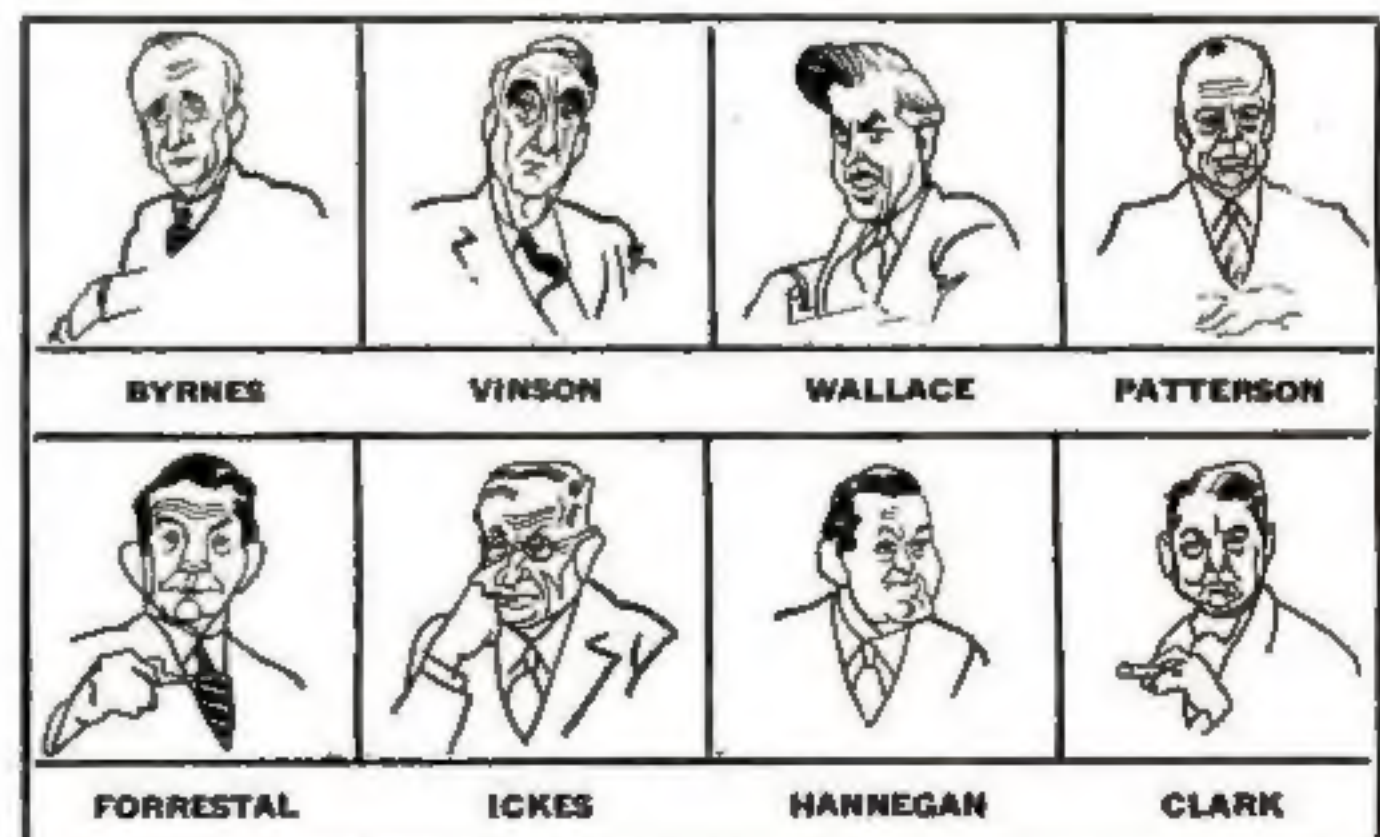
Sirs:

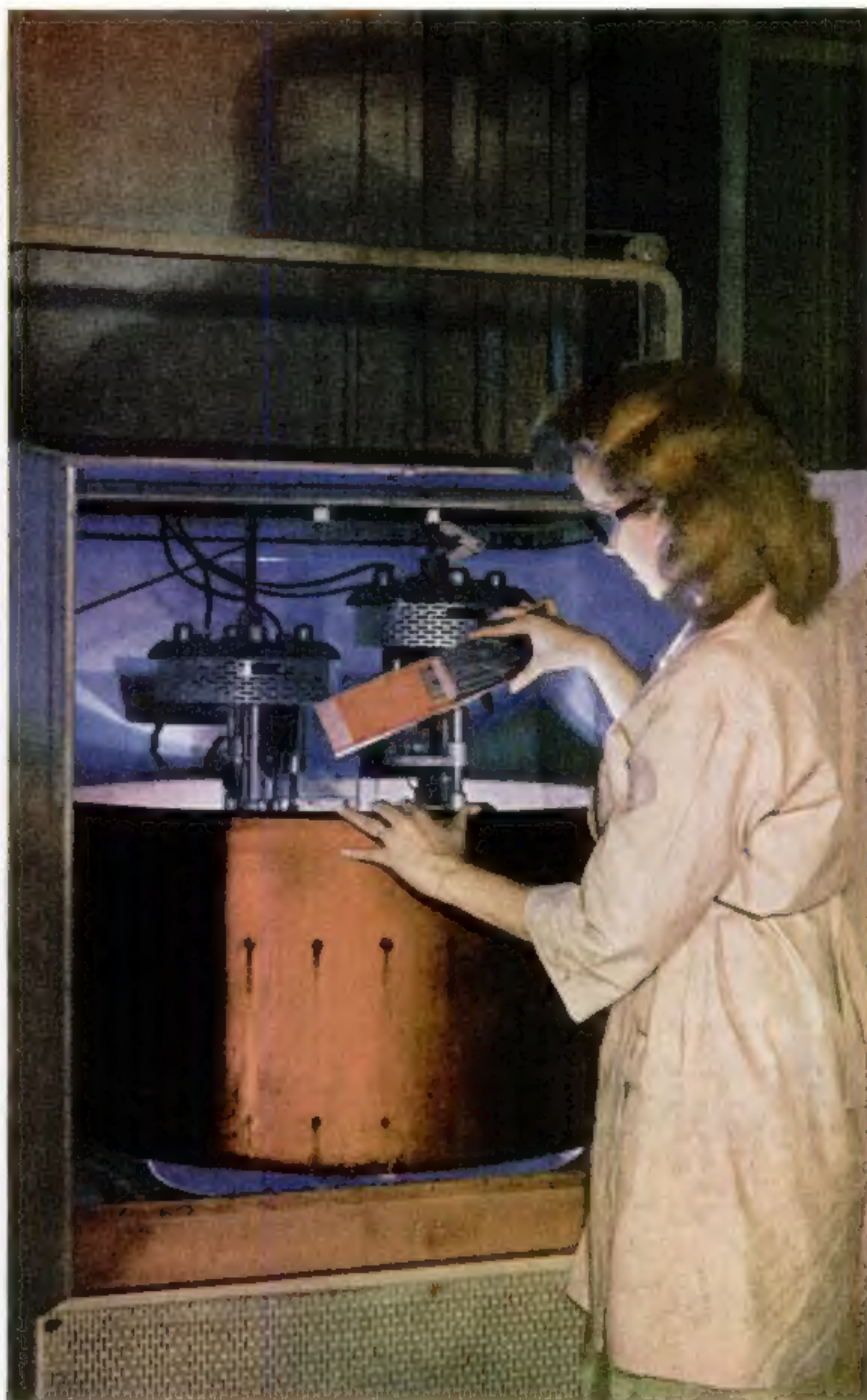
After studying LIFE's story on Truman's Cabinet (LIFE, Dec. 17), yours truly got doodling and, as a result, here are eight of the members (see below).

JERRY DOYLE

Philadelphia, Pa.

● LIFE's thanks to Jerry Doyle who, as political cartoonist for the Philadelphia Record, does more than doodle.—ED.





She tests waterproof coats for a nursery zoo

Even if you have a Koroseal raincoat, shower curtain, garment bag — you haven't seen anything yet!

OUT of this world" are some of the toys now being designed of Koroseal—and a hundred other things for men, women, children—and industry.

Koroseal is the material developed by B. F. Goodrich from limestone, coke and salt. Without the limitations of former materials, Koroseal can be used in sheets, strands or any other form,

any color—or as a thin coating on cloth or paper.

Koroseal is permanently waterproof—ideal for raincoats, shower curtains, umbrellas, camping equipment, outdoor furniture. It resists acids and stains, and can be washed as easily as glass—perfect for tablecloths, baby pants, wall coverings, packaging, all kinds of upholstery.

Koroseal handbags and traveling

bags are practically scuffproof and can always look new because they're so easy to wash. Koroseal toys won't hurt the baby if he chews them; they'll stand outdoor weather, a lot of banging, and they're easy to keep clean.

In the photograph at the right above, Koroseal is being subjected to heat, sunlight and moisture in a test machine that reproduces the worst possible conditions. Koroseal passes with flying colors—it does not grow sticky in warm weather nor stiff and hard in cold; it does not crack nor peel with age.

Before the war, Koroseal was used for articles like those across the top of this page. Many of these are now appearing in stores again, and more will soon appear, every one with the Koroseal tag, for only B. F. Goodrich makes Koroseal. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

Koroseal
MADE
ONLY BY
B. F. Goodrich



Twice-Rich*

**LIBBY'S TOMATO JUICE IS RICH
IN FLAVOR . . . RICH IN VITAMINS**

When you tip a glass of Libby's glorious juice to your lips you can almost "taste" August sunshine! For Libby's was pressed from *vine-ripened* tomatoes, picked when summer's sun had worked its special flavor-making, vitamin-making magic. No wonder Libby's is so especially **RICH IN FLAVOR!**

That vine-ripening, plus Libby skill, make this sparkling juice **RICH IN VITAMINS***, too. Libby's is rich in Vitamins A and C, a ready source of B₁ and B₂—reasons aplenty for giving the family this delicious drink regularly.

Let Libby's be your breakfast juice often—pour out Libby's to go with luncheon sandwiches—begin your dinners with this appetizing drink. Now again you can stock up on this twice-rich tomato juice. Make the Libby label your buying guide to perfection!

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, Chicago 9, Ill.

**WHERE FOOD GROWS FINEST . . .
THERE LIBBY PACKS THE BEST**



LISTEN in on the lives of real people! "MY TRUE STORY" every morning, Mon. thru Fri. 10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, 11:30 MST, 10:30 PST, American Broadcasting Company.

LOOK TO LIBBY'S



Libby's
FAMOUS VEGETABLES

PEAS • CORN • MIXED VEGETABLES • BEETS • SAUER KRAUT • AND OTHERS

FOR PERFECTION

Calling all Lips



Check that chap—watch those lips. For men in all walks of life, it's Chap Stick to keep lips fit.

CHAP STICK is specially medicated—specially soothing.

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When winter winds blow, Chap Stick is the friendly lip balm for every member of the family.

CHAP STICK for cracked, chapped, tender lips.

Early morning lips



Wake up, Mister, it's time for soothing Chap Stick—the famous lip balm for parched, dry, feverish lips.

CHAP STICK for early morning lips.



Find out for yourself why CHAP STICK was favored by men of the Armed Forces, the world over. So handy, so easy to apply, so lasting in its soothing comfort—for chapped, cracked, weather-beaten lips.

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LIFE

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LIFE'S COVER

Winston Churchill has played many roles in contemporary history but none more enthusiastically than that of an amateur painter. The results of this hobby which happened also to be a youthful occupation of his late opponent, Adolf Hitler, are reproduced on pages 45 to 52. In the picture on the cover Churchill stands in his studio at Chartwell, Kent, dressed in his RAF blue airmen suit, and peers over his spectacles at the camera while retouching one of his old landscapes.

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CAROLE LANDIS BEGINS DANCE SILHOUETTED BEHIND TISSUE HOOP



SINGING "I PLAY A CALCULATING GAME," SHE REJECTS CAPTAIN



CAROLE SINGS "I'VE GOT A FLAME THAT'S TOO HOT TO HANDLE"



"... NO ONE CAN HOLD A CANDLE TO ... THE FLAME ..."

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

...CAROLE LANDIS DANCES BEHIND A FLAMING PAPER HOOP



"MY FLAME IS FOR A GENERAL," SHE SINGS. GENERAL APPEARS



THE GENERAL DECAMPS. CAROLE APPLIES HER FLAME TO THE HOOP



"... THE SCANDAL OF PARIS." SHE IS ALMOST FULLY REVEALED



THE SONG ENDS. THIS IS MOVIES' IDEA OF FRENCH CAFE CIRCA 1910

In her forthcoming movie, *A Scandal in Paris*, Carole Landis enters as a peep-show dancer in a French cafe called the Théâtre des Silhouettes. Behind a paper hoop she performs the pyrotechnical pantomime shown in these pictures, at the same time singing a tune called *The Flame Song*, one of whose lines

("I've got a flame that's too hot to handle") was almost banned by the Johnston (formerly Hays) office.

The Landis costume, which in its silhouetted form had also raised the Johnston eyebrow, made further news when a deranged Ohio attorney stole into Landis' dressing room on the General Service

Studios lot, tried to unzip her shiny black tights. He was caught and put away while the press, egged on by her sleepless press agent, branded him "Jack the Zipper." Meanwhile Miss Landis took refuge in matrimony (for the fifth time) with a wealthy Broadway theatrical producer named W. Horace Schmidlapp.

CAPTAIN PULLS RANK ON WIFE — and saves the holiday!



7 A. M. "Me on skis? Not today," she begs off. Headachy, doopey, she needs a laxative. "I'm head of this shebang,"

says he, "even if I have parked my Captain's bars. You're going to take a glass of Sal Hepatica. That's an order!"



9 A. M. "Gosh what fun!" she beams. "Am I glad you insisted on that Sal Hepatica!" As usual, this sparkling saline laxative brought quick, gentle relief. Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour. Helps

counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too.

Three out of five doctors, interviewed in a survey, recommend this sparkling saline laxative. So try it, next time you need a laxative.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficiency of this famous prescription. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.
"THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR"—Tuesdays, ABC, 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



After unzipping incident, Miss Landis, still attired in her Flame Dance outfit, was comforted by George Sanders, who plays opposite her in the picture. Sanders and two gatemen overcame man who tried to unzip her tights.



A legful of garters is displayed by Miss Landis following a party she gave for Hollywood's male writers and reporters. Each of them was given one of these fancy elastics and then given the chance to put it in place personally.

Handbox look

For that "handbox look," turn to the new cars with Body by Fisher.

You'll find fresh beauty in their modern styling. You'll find deeply satisfying comfort in their trim, charming interiors.

And of course, you'll ride in safety and quiet — Fisher Body craftsmanship takes care of that.

The Body by Fisher emblem today stands as the mark of extra merit as it has for more than 37 years — meaning that all the skills of the Fisher Body organization are being applied to give you a better automobile.

Look for the Fisher Body emblem — on General Motors cars.

Body by Fisher



BETTER BY FAR

Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild Model-Building Competition—8 university scholarships, 624 other awards for boys 12 years of age and older. Enroll now! Headquarters: General Motors Bldg., Detroit 2, Michigan.

You get Body by Fisher
only on
GENERAL MOTORS CARS



CHEVROLET



PONTIAC



OLDSMOBILE



BUICK



CADILLAC



Reach High!

Dunno why, Junior, but that's the way it is sometimes with the worthwhile things of life—they dangle enticingly just beyond your fingertips and you have to reach for them.

Take Pacific Sheets, now, Mommy's been treasuring her prewar supply for months, always hoping that soon they would be plentiful again.

She could have had X sheets or Y sheets, but no. Mommy reaches high, and nothing but fine Pacific Sheets will do.

We are glad to be able to report that soon they will be available in quantity again—the same strong, soft, snowy-white *balanced* sheets she bought before the war. At good stores everywhere, moderately priced.

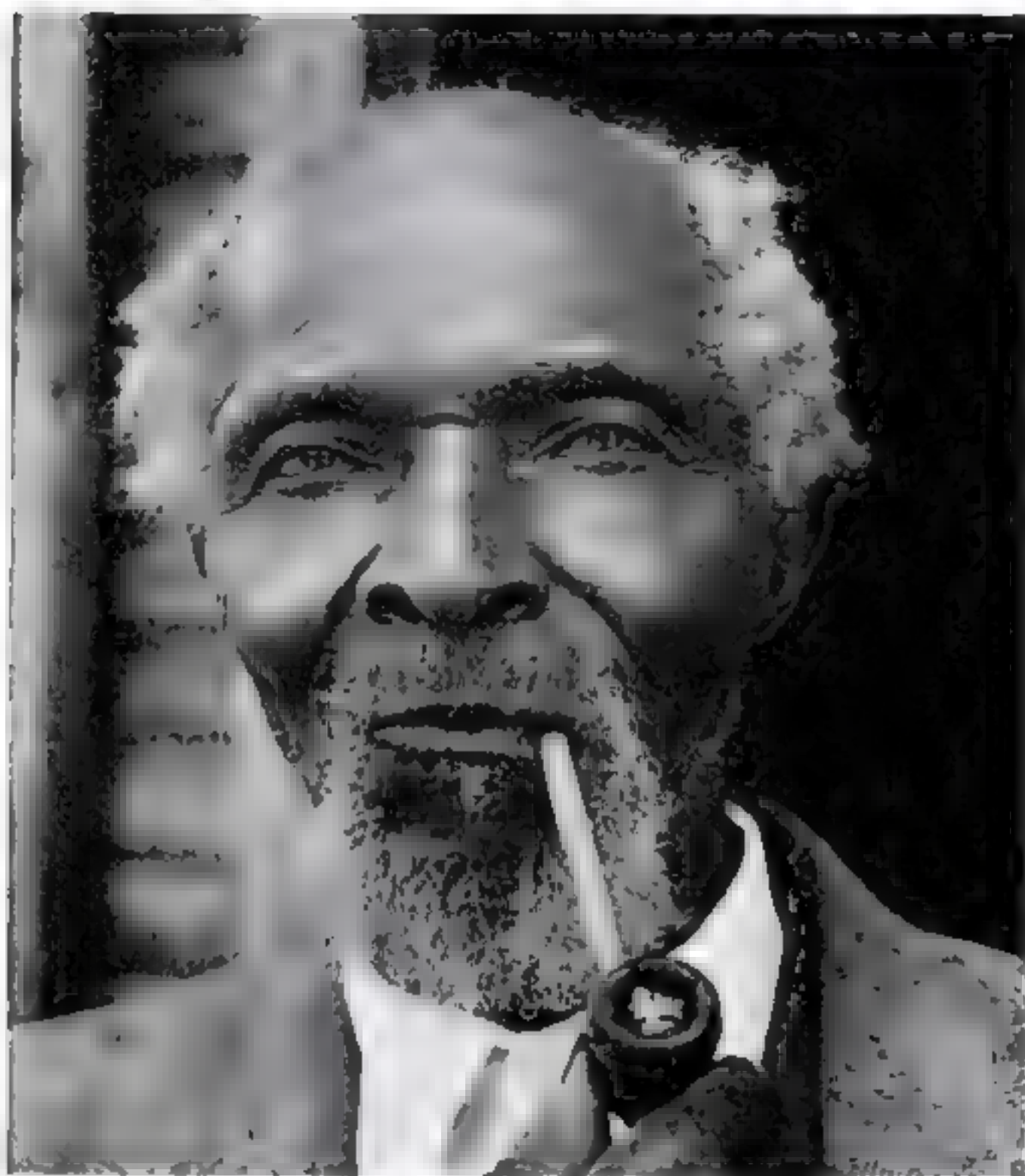
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PACIFIC

LIFE'S REPORTS



JAMES WALTER WILSON STEADIES PIPE TO EASE STRAIN ON NINE TEETH.

OLDEST MAN IN U.S. DIES

Jim Wilson concludes a healthy life at 120

Nine days before Queen Victoria's sixth birthday and in the third month of John Quincy Adams' term as sixth president of the U. S., James Walter Wilson was born, on May 15, 1825, in slave quarters on a plantation in southeastern Georgia. One hundred and twenty years, seven months and one week later, on Dec. 22, 1945, "Uncle Jim" Wilson, the oldest U. S. resident, died on his son's farm near Vidalia, Ga.

Uncle Jim's right to be called the oldest U.S. resident was established four years ago when Wilson walked into county welfare headquarters and asked if he qualified for an old-age pension. Checking and rechecking by the U. S. Census Bureau verified his birth date and gained him a pension. Wilson had never had a doctor until he was 117, and then only because he had broken his hip in a fall. Dr. C. W. Findley, a white physician of Vidalia, checked his blood pressure just before his last birthday and found it a healthy 155 over 80, normal for a man of 40. His pulse was strong and regular, his temperature normal, skin pliant, hearing

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



AT 120TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION 600 WELL-WISHERS SANG AND PRAYED

S'Help Us, Bob
This
SHAVING CREAM
is Guaranteed *not*
to make shaving a
pleasure!

**Pull up a chair,
and we'll be brutally
frank with you!**

We'll give it to you straight from the shoulder, and quick: *We can't make shaving fun!*

And it isn't because we haven't tried. Honest, we spent thousands of dollars and man-hours in an attempt to give you a shaving cream that would make your morning shave the big moment of the day—you know, real ecstasy.

But feller, it just isn't in the cards. What we *did* come up with, though, is a shaving cream that gives real, lasting *satisfaction!*

Just try this non-miracle working cream and see what we mean. Squeeze a fraction of an inch on your brush . . . soak your face with water . . . and watch 'er billow! It's the *water* that plays the big part in beard-softening, you know—and Listerine Shaving Cream holds water the way a thunderhead holds rain.



If you're sensible enough to settle for plain *satisfaction*—Listerine Shaving Cream is for you. You can find it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

Sincerely,
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES
OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Listerine Brushless is



oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... WHY WILL A MAN let his hair go like that? It's so dull and lifeless. Must make a neat haircomb next to impossible. Yes, just as I thought, loose dandruff, too. It's Dry Scalp all right. Should I let him dream on or should I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic?"

*5 drops a day
keep Dry Scalp away*



THIS STORY has a happy ending. Yours can, too. Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils. You see the difference in your hair. You feel the difference in your scalp. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair stays neat, looks natural. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature — contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care — both scalp and hair.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic



HIS STRONGEST DRINK WAS WINE

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

excellent, vision good. He weighed 150, stood 5 ft. 9 in., read well and spoke without using Negro idioms. He took no medicine and ate whatever he pleased (usually lean meat, eggs, cheese, biscuits and milk). He smoked constantly.

For most of his first 100 years Wilson worked as a farm hand. The first of his seven children was born when he was 49. When he turned 100 he was ordained a Baptist minister and spent the next 17 years preaching. For the past year or two he devoted himself to reading his Bible.

On his last birthday 500 people, at least 100 of them white, turned out to congratulate the oldest resident and offer gifts—\$13.04 in cash and a dozen assorted presents. During a speech to his well-wishers he asked himself, "Old man, why do you live so long?" and promptly supplied the answer: "Because I have obeyed the laws of God and man and lived moderately."

The day Wilson died was a rainy Saturday. He slept late. When his son Charlie, who was born when his father was 69, finally awakened him, the old man opened his eyes and said, "Son, I am going to leave you today. I'm going home." The official cause of death was listed as dropsy, but Charlie said "he just stopped breathing."



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Rx



Take equal measures of coolness, mildness, fragrance, gentleness, that's...

Country Doctor Pipe Mixture

ECONOMY-LUXURY



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Pleasureful
Pipefuls
25¢

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and better
BATTERIES

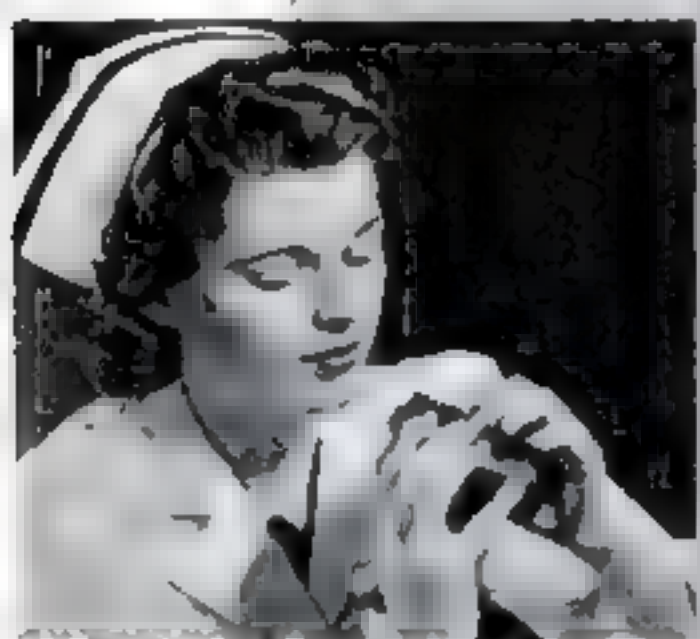
FAMOUS
SINCE
1909
FOR
QUALITY
STYLE
SERVICE

“One Rose, by those *Fair Fingers* cull’d,
were worth a hundred kisses”—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*



Nice going, Alfred... but can fingers stay “fair” and make with the mop?

It can be done! Yes... in spite of scrubbing floors... scouring... cooking... all the hard housework in the world... Pacquins Hand Cream still helps keep your hands adorably soft and smooth. Use Pacquins regularly for whiter, smoother hands... hands your man will be proud of!



Ask your doctor or his nurse about keeping hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 scrubblings a day. Pacquins was originally formulated for their professional use... and their hands get really hard treatment! Pacquins is super-rich with “humectant,” an ingredient that helps parched, roughened skin feel softer, more supple.



• Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. Pacquins is pleasant to use. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!



Pacquins HAND CREAM

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

♪ MOTT'S JINGLES FOR FRUIT JUICE LOVERS ♪



FROM PRUNES THAT LEAD A PAMPERED LIFE
'NEATH SUNNY SKIES OF BLUE
COMES SUNSWEET PRUNE JUICE...WHAT A JOY!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT TOO?




Sunsweet
PRUNE JUICE

Basking in the sunshine of Santa Clara Valley are the world's most cherished prunes!

Prunes left to ripen slowly on the trees—growing sweeter, rounder, juicier—soaking up the goodness of the California sun!

Only such wondrous, tree-ripened beauties are fine enough for Sunsweet Prune Juice!

Only such plump, mouth-watering prunes could give you that special richness—that

heavenly "live" flavor of Sunsweet Prune Juice!

One luscious sip and you'll know it's the grandest-tasting prune juice you ever raised to your lips!

So good for you, too! Sunsweet Prune Juice is the richest fruit source of Iron—the most healthful of all fruit juices!

No wonder it's America's favorite prune juice! Try it! See why everybody loves it!



♪ MOTT'S SWEET-AND-TANGY APPLE JUICE
IS A LUSCIOUS TREASURE.
CAN'T GET MUCH NOW, BUT WHEN YOU DO—
AH, WHAT A DRINKING PLEASURE! ♪



If you've ever sipped a tall, cool glassful of Mott's Apple Juice—you know it's a lucky, lucky day—when your grocer says, "Yes, we have it."

So sweet-and-tangy—so keen and zesty—here's a new kind of fruit juice excitement!

Every amber-clear drop just brimming with the goodness of crisp, rosy-ripe apples!

Apples as fine as the finest grown in the prize orchards of New York State.

Unfortunately, there aren't so many of these glorious apples this year—so Mott's Apple Juice *will* be scarce! But—

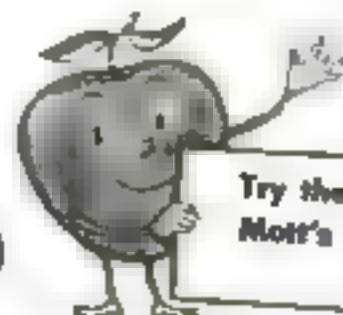
Keep asking for it! When your Grocer has Mott's Apple Juice—you'll have something wonderful for breakfast, lunch, or anytime!



MOTT'S
apple juice



MOTT'S...BRINGS YOU FINE FRUIT PRODUCTS



Try these, too! Mott's Apple Sauce
Mott's Apple Cider • Mott's Jellies
Mott's Vinegar



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LIFE'S PICTURES

LIFE Photographer Herbert Gehr worked 52 hard days on his Wall Street essay (pp. 67-83). A Rembrandtesque perfectionist, Gehr spent six days to get his unusual Stock Exchange picture (p. 79), patiently arranged the lighting after closing hours, worked stubbornly for weeks to break down the resistance of camera-shy officials. By the time that he was finished, Gehr's interest in Wall Street went beyond photography. He bought some preferred stock to see how Wall Street clicks.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; CEN., CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; INT., INTERNATIONAL; G.H., GRAPHIC HOUSE

It's fun to grow old when you have no money worries

How to get a retirement income of \$200 a month as long as you live

This morning, as Peg and I were walking down to the beach, our mailman handed me the white envelope we get every month. "That check comes regular as clockwork, doesn't it, Sam?" I said. "Yes, sir," he grinned, "and you're mighty lucky—to be retired and enjoying life on an income. It must be fun to grow old...with no money worries!"

Later on, lying out in the sun, relaxed and enjoying the warm salt breeze, I thought how right he was. "It is fun," I said to Peg, "and it's all thanks to you!" For I give Peg credit. Frankly, if it hadn't been for her, I'd be back at the office right now, grubbing away for my pay check. You see, until I was about forty, I never dreamed I'd ever be able to retire on an income.

But one day Peg cornered me with a pencil and paper. She'd written down my yearly salary and multiplied it by twenty. *That's how much money you're going to make in the next twenty years*, she said. And I whistled! For, even if I never got another raise—it was a six-figure total. A fortune! (Add up your own salary for the next twenty years. You'll be amazed.)

In the next twenty years, Peg pointed out, I'd spend that money as fast as I'd make it. We'd never been able to save much before. So most likely we'd just fritter it away.

It was shortly afterwards that I discovered the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. It was just what we needed. With it, I could use part of my present salary to buy me a retirement income later. In twenty years, when I reached 60, Peg and I would get a monthly check for \$200. More than that, the Plan provided life insurance—protecting my family until I reached retirement age.

Not long after, I qualified for my Phoenix Mutual Plan. And now, twenty years later, that plan is paying me. Each month, every month, as long as we live, Peg and I will get a check for \$200. We're free to do just as we please. Yes, our



mailman put it right. Growing old is fun, when you have no money worries.

Send for Free Booklet

This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$100 to \$200 a month or more—starting at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans and how to qualify for them. Similar plans are available for women. Don't delay. Send for your copy now.

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GREAT FOOD DOWN NEW ORLEANS WAY



At colorful stall in the picturesque French market in New Orleans, popular artist model, LaRette Mitchell, selects vegetables for supper. Miss Mitchell does her own cooking—likes to find new ways to prepare delicious meals in a hurry. She is devoted to Heinz Condensed Soups. Prepared the slow, home way from vegetables as fresh and delicious as the ones she sees at the market, Heinz soups always have a very special appeal for those who really *know* good food!

Some of the best cooking in these United States comes from the land of the Creoles—not only from the famous restaurants of New Orleans but from the simplest home kitchens. Here one finds subtly spiced Creole dishes reminiscent of Spain and France.



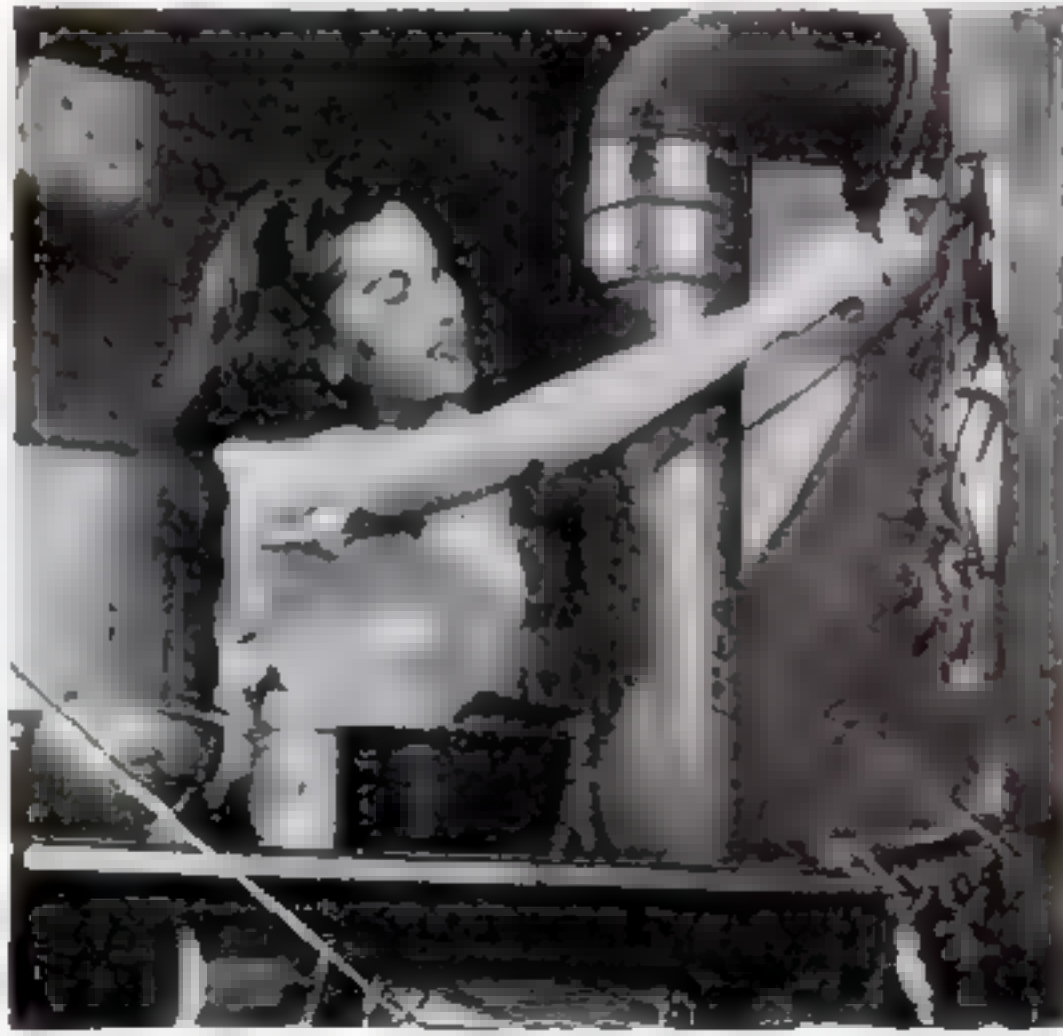
Typical Cajun dock-worker (descendant of Acadians immortalized in Longfellow's "Evangeline.") lunches lustily on a Po' Bo' sandwich and a bowl of Heinz Condensed Vegetable Soup. Sandwich uses half loaf of crusty French bread. Soup is thick, hearty as a stew, rich with tomatoes, potatoes, peas, lima beans—a dozen prize vegetables slowly cooked together.



At luncheon on the lawn of Elmwood Plantation in Jefferson Parish (live oaks and palms are in evidence but no elms!) famed hostess, Mrs. Durel Black, serves Heinz Condensed Cream of Green Pea Soup from her heirloom tureen. She suggests that a garnish of finely shredded breast of chicken blends deliciously with the delicate flavor of Heinz sugar-sweet, garden-fresh peas.



A rare item is an antique hand-written "receipt book" shown at the town's newest art gallery to Miss Florence Bryson, Woman's Page Editor of New Orleans Item. Book contains heirloom recipes. Heinz Condensed Soups and other Heinz 57 Varieties are also prepared to treasured recipes.



On her old-fashioned wood stove this bride prepares the traditional Monday meal of the Creoles—Red Beans and Rice. She uses a quick method . . . heats together one can Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup, 1 cup each cooked beans, cooked rice, & sliced fried onions. The dish is seasoned with salt, garlic, cayenne and Heinz Pepper Sauce.



One of the South's great cooks—Celimene Burns—is the original of the famous character in Stark Young's novel, "A Jalous Business." For 31 years she has been cook at Louisiana's beautiful plantation—Shadows on the Teche. Celimene uses Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup often as a soup, and as base for Tomato Aspic.

LIFE

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FOR WINTER FUEL GERMANS SAW UP ONE OF LAST TREES IN BERLIN'S FAMOUS TIERGARTEN. ACROSS THIS WASTE THAT WAS ONCE A PARK STANDS THE REICHSTAG

GRIM EUROPE FACES WINTER OF MISERY

The first winter of peace holds Europe in a deathly grip of cold, hunger and hopelessness. In the words of the London *Sunday Observer*: "Europe is threatened by a catastrophe this winter which has no precedent since the Black Death of 1348."

There are still more than 25,000,000 homeless people mulling about Europe. In Warsaw nearly 1,000,000 live in holes in the ground. Six million buildings were destroyed in Russia. Rumania has her worst drought of 50 years, and in Greece fuel supplies are terribly low because the Nazis, during their occupation, decimated the forests. In Italy the wheat harvest, which was a meager

3,450,000 tons in 1944, fell to an unendurable 1,304,000 tons in 1945. In France, food consumption per day averages 1,800 calories as compared with 3,000 calories in the U. S.

Germany is sinking even below the level of the countries she victimized. The German people are still better clothed than most of Europe because during the war they took the best of Europe's clothing. But their food supply is below subsistence level. In the American zone they beg for the privilege of scraping U. S. Army garbage cans. Infant mortality is already so high that a Berlin Quaker, quoted in the British press, predicted, "No child

born in Germany in 1945 will survive. Only half the children aged less than 3 years will survive."

On Germany, which plunged the Continent into its misery, falls the blame for its own plight and the plight of all Europe. But if this winter proves worse even than the war years, blame will fall on the victor nations. Some Europeans blame Russia for callousness to misery in eastern Europe. But some also blame America because they expected so much more from her. On the following pages the distinguished novelist John Dos Passos, who has been abroad as LIFE correspondent, reports on Europe's suffering and what it means for America.



ON THE TOWN DUMP outside Nürnberg, Germans scavenge for anything to eat or sell. Despite the critical

food shortage, Germans are still better off physically than most Europeans because they ate better during the war.



WOOD FOR THE WINTER, cut from the Garmwelder forest, is stacked on the outskirts of Munich to be used



DEATH MARCH from Lodz to Poland ended in this trap set by the British. In October, 1940 German women charged to the front for lack of proper clothing.

in the British zone of Berlin. They had no supplies or food except what they could beg from the native Poles and Russians along the route that they traveled. All died on



the road, except the small band (above, left). On a young boy (above) seen at a distance from a soldier to deliver a message, the soldier is seen in the background.



primarily for power and light. The great European coal shortage has caused scenes like this all over the Continent. Guard is a policeman wearing leftover Wehrmacht uniform.



railroad tracks into Berlin. At right she lays his body on the tracks while another mother and child weep beside her. The survivors reached the British zone of Berlin but found it stripped almost bare of food by the horde of refugees which has poured in from the east.

AMERICANS ARE LOSING THE VICTORY IN EUROPE

DESTITUTE NATIONS FEEL THAT THE U.S. HAS FAILED THEM

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

Novelist John Dos Passos spent three months in Europe as a correspondent for LIFE, which recently printed his report on the Nürnberg trials. Just back in the U. S., Author Dos Passos here sums up his impressions of the Continent.

We are in a cabin deep down below decks on a Navy ship jam-packed with troops that's pitching and creaking its way across the Atlantic in a winter gale. There is a man in every bunk. There's a man wedged into every corner. There's a man in every chair. The air is dense with cigaret smoke and with the staleness of packed troops and sour wool.

"Don't think I'm sticking up for the Germans," puts in the lanky young captain in the upper berth, "but . . ."

"To hell with the Germans," says the broad-shouldered dark lieutenant. "It's what our boys have been doing that worries me."

The lieutenant has been talking about the traffic in Army property, the leaking of gasoline into the black market in France and Belgium even while the fighting was going on, the way the Army kicks the civilians around, the looting.

"Lust, liquor and loot are the soldier's pay," interrupts a red-faced major.

The lieutenant comes out with his conclusion: "Two wrongs don't make a right." You hear these two phrases again and again in about every bull session on the ship. "Two wrongs don't make a right" and "Don't think I'm sticking up for the Germans, but . . ."

The troops returning home are worried. "We've lost the peace," men tell you. "We can't make it stick."

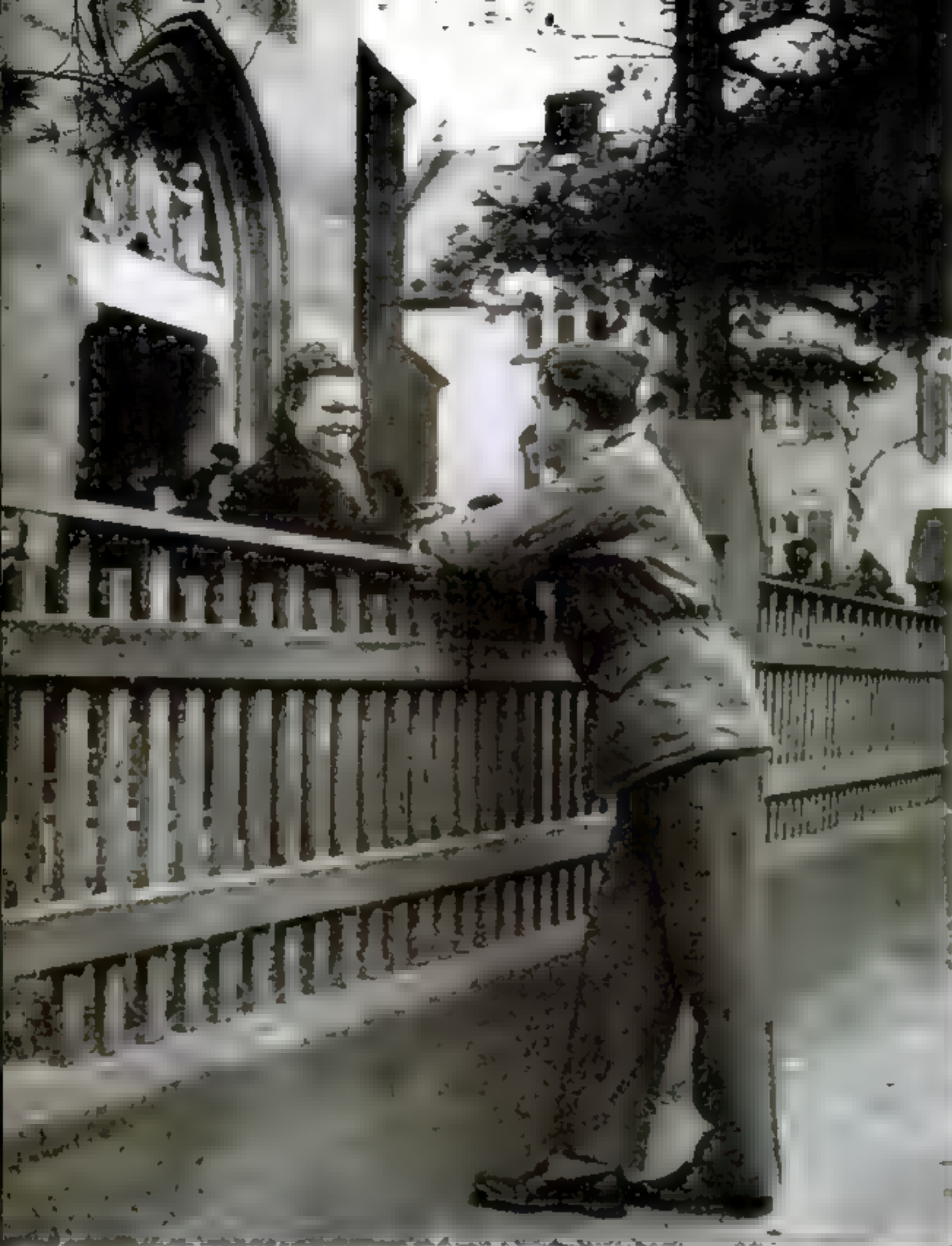
A tour of the beaten-up cities of Europe six months after victory is a mighty sobering experience for anyone. Europeans, friend and foe alike, look you accusingly in the face and tell you how bitterly they are disappointed in you as an American. They cite the evolution of the word "liberation." Before the Normandy landings it meant to be freed from the tyranny of the Nazis. Now it stands in the minds of the civilians for one thing, looting.

You try to explain to these Europeans that they expected too much. They answer that they had a right to, that after the last war America was the hope of the world. They talk about the Hoover relief, the work of the Quakers, the speeches of Woodrow Wilson. They don't blame us for the fading of that hope. But they blame us now.

Never has American prestige in Europe been lower. People never tire of telling you of the ignorance and rowdiness of American troops, of our misunderstanding of European conditions. They say that the theft and sale of Army supplies by our troops is the basis of their black market. They blame us for the corruption and disorganization of UNRRA. They blame us for the fumbling timidity of our negotiations with the Soviet Union. They tell us that our mechanical denazification policy in Germany is producing results opposite to those we planned. "Have you no statesmen in America?" they ask.

The skeptical French press

Yet wherever we show a trace of positive leadership I found Europeans quite willing to follow our lead. The evening before Robert Jackson's opening of the case for the prosecution in the Nürnberg trial, I talked to some correspondents from the French newspapers. They were polite but skeptical. They were willing enough to take part in a highly publicized act of vengeance against the enemy, but when you talked about the usefulness of writing a prohibition of aggressive war into the law of nations they laughed in your face. The night after Jackson's nobly delivered and nobly worded speech I saw them all again. They were very much impressed. Their manner had even changed toward me personally as an American. Their sudden enthusiasm seemed to me typical of the almost neurotic craving for leader-



GERMANS WIN SYMPATHY of GIs by telling them their troubles at pleasant moments like these. Above: outside a church; below: in a Berlin club. In the absence of a constructive U. S. policy, the GIs lend willing ears to pleading of the German case.



Europe CONTINUED

ship of the European people struggling wearily for existence in the wintry ruins of their world.

The ruin this war has left in Europe can hardly be exaggerated. I can remember the years after the last war. Then, as soon as you got away from the military, all the little strands and pulleys that form the fabric of a society were still knitted together. Farmers took their crops to market. Money was a valid medium of exchange. Now the entire fabric of a million little routines has broken down. No one can think beyond food for today. Money is worthless. Cigarettes are used as a kind of lunatic travesty on a currency. If a man goes out to work he shops around to find the business that serves the best hot meal. The final pay-off is the situation reported from the Ruhr where the miners are fed at the pits so that they will not be able to take the food home to their families.

"Well, the Germans are to blame. Let them pay for it. It's their fault," you say. The trouble is that starving the Germans and throwing them out of their homes is only producing more areas of famine and collapse.

One section of the population of Europe looked to us for salvation and another looked to the Soviet Union. Wherever the people have endured either the American armies or the Russian armies both hopes have been bitterly disappointed. The British have won a slightly better reputation. The state of mind in Vienna is interesting because there the part of the population that was not actively Nazi was about equally divided. The wealthier classes looked to America, the workers to the Soviet Union.

The Russians came first. The Viennese tell you of the savagery of the Russian armies. They came like the ancient Mongol hordes out of the steppes, with the flimsiest supply. The people in the working-class districts had felt that when the Russians came that they at least would be spared. But not at all. In the working-class districts the troops were allowed to rape and murder and loot at will. When victims complained, the Russians answered, "You are too well off to be workers. You are bourgeoisie."

When Americans looted they took cameras and valuables but when the Russians looted they took everything. And they raped and killed. From the eastern frontiers a tide of refugees is seeping across Europe bringing a nightmare tale of helpless populations trampled underfoot. When the British and Americans came the Viennese felt that at last they were in the hands of civilized people. But instead of coming in with a bold plan of relief and reconstruction we came in full of evasions and apologies.

U.S. administration a poor third

We know now the tragic results of the ineptitudes of the Peace of Versailles. The European system it set up was Utopia compared to the present tangle of snarling misery. The Russians at least are carrying out a logical plan for extending their system of control at whatever cost. The British show signs of recovering their good sense and their innate human decency. All we have brought to Europe so far is confusion backed up by a drumhead regime of military courts. We have swept away Hitlerism, but a great many Europeans feel that the cure has been worse than the disease.

The taste of victory had gone sour in the mouth of every thoughtful American I met. Thoughtful men can't help remembering that this is a period in history when every political crime and every frivolous mistake in statesmanship has been paid for by the death of innocent people. The Germans built the Stalags; the Nazis are behind barbed wire now, but who will be next? Whenever you sit eating a good meal in the midst of a starving city in a handsome house requisitioned from some German, you find yourself wondering how it would feel to have a conqueror drinking out of your glasses. When you hear the tales of the brutalizing of women from the eastern frontier you think with a shudder of those you love and cherish at home.

That we are one world is unfortunately a brutal truth. Punishing the German people indiscriminately for the sins of their leaders may be justice, but it is not helping to restore the rule of civilization. The terrible lesson of the events of this year of victory is that what is happening to the bulk of Europe today can happen to America tomorrow.

In America we are still rich, we are still free to move from place to place and to talk to our friends without fear of the secret police. The time has come, for our own future security, to give the best we have to the world instead of the worst. So far as Europe is concerned, American leadership up to now has been obsessed with a fear of our own virtues. Winston Churchill expressed this state of mind brilliantly in a speech to his own people which applies even more accurately to the people of the U. S. "You must be prepared," he warned them, "for further efforts of mind and body and further sacrifices to great causes, if you are not to fall back into the rut of inertia, the confusion of aim and the craven fear of being great."



BOTH CASUALTIES OF ALLIED AIR RAIDS
ARE NÜRNBERG AND CITIZEN HANSI TOLVER

WHAT IS "LIBERALISM"?

MR. LASKI, A SOCIALIST, WANTS IT TO COME OUT AND FIGHT. BUT ITS TRIUMPH WILL NOT BE THAT EASY

That stock character of the '20s, the Visiting British Lecturer, has an interesting survival in Mr. Harold Laski, the famous political scientist who happens also to be chairman of Britain's Labor Party. Last month Mr. Laski lectured a large audience in New York on "The Challenge of the Atomic Bomb." After roughing up his pet hate, the businessman, Mr. Laski got off these memorable words:

"We have come to the boundaries of the final dividing line between liberalism and socialism. . . . There is no middle way. Free enterprise and the market economy mean war; socialism and planned economy mean peace. All attempts to find a compromise are a Satanic illusion. We must plan our civilization or we must perish."

Despite their applause, many among his New York audience must have felt uncomfortable. After all, they were guests of *The Nation*, generally known as a "liberal" weekly; they had always thought of themselves as "liberals." "Liberalism," to Americans, has always been such a vague and roomy kind of faith, meaning no harm to anyone, least of all to socialist Russia whose freedom from businessmen Mr. Laski so much admires. Yet here he was setting up a bloody barricade against "liberalism." What was one to think?

If he causes his liberal friends to think at all, Mr. Laski's visit will have been a public service, especially if he causes them to think about the meaning of the word "liberal." As he himself uses it, it is almost synonymous with a believer in free enterprise and a free market. Since most Americans believe in that, they are liberals in his sense. Mr. Laski, though wholly committed to socialism, argued a few years ago that it would come about through orderly balloting: "revolution by consent," he called it then. The American reply to that was indeed easy: whatever England may do, America has not yet reached the age of consent. But now Mr. Laski is more implacable and a gentle answer is not so easy. A believer in free enterprise is tempted to accept his challenge, to declare war on socialism as he has declared war on us. That would certainly simplify the problem of definitions and force our "liberals" to decide which side of the economic argument they are on.

Some Liberal Tenets

Yet "liberalism," however Mr. Laski may define it, actually means a great deal more than an economic system. And because it means more, battle with Mr. Laski must be refused, at least on his narrowly chosen ground. Seen from a height, liberalism is a very broad river which rose long before Adam Smith. It rushes past the tuffet from which Laski hurls his shrill defiance, and it has much, much land to water before it meets the sea.

Such a height is provided by William A. Orton's recent book, *The Liberal Tradition*. To read it is a good way to find out whether you should call yourself a liberal or not. You may

be a conservative or a collectivist instead — both perfectly respectable positions.

Orton's liberalism has many tenets with which a Laski would agree. He holds that liberty is the highest political end, but he skirts the pitfall of individualism and insists that a well-ordered community life is indispensable to freedom. He is also no friend of *laissez faire*, which, though originally a "liberal" principle, lost that standing when politics in its name tried to abdicate all responsibility for the economic system.

But there are at least three tenets of the liberal tradition which socialists either deny or forget. The first is that every government must acknowledge some "law behind the law," some outside limitation on its own power. There can be no such thing as a good omnipotent government, whether it claims its authority from force, from God or from the people. It is the principle which the early Christians asserted against the Roman Empire and which liberals have been asserting against one or another tyranny ever since.

A second principle of liberalism is that good ends never justify dubious means; especially do humanitarian ends not justify restrictions on liberty. The besetting temptation of all democracies is to become "welfare states." Americans know this temptation at first hand; Huey Long made a welfare state of Louisiana. Says Orton, "One has to respect personality very much indeed to reject doing good by force." Liberals do reject it.

Will Liberals Fight?

A third principle is an abiding distrust of pure, unaided reason. This may seem paradoxical, for liberalism is "the architect of the community" (as conservatism is the guardian) and is congenitally friendly to experiment, change and new theories of government. It is extraordinary how many different political movements, for example, have at one time been espoused by liberals: anticlericalism, *laissez faire*, nationalism, Wilsonian internationalism, Positivism (a sort of scientific sociology), Rousseau's mystical democracy and what not. But the liberal tradition has always remembered—sometimes just in time—that no political system offers a perfect answer. Utopias are not in the liberal tradition. This is because "mind can never define the life that is both mind and so much more than mind." When human reason thinks it has the final answer to the social problem, it falls into the sin of pride, like Mr. Laski. Liberalism, says Orton, is the denial of all absolutes in the realm of political organization.

This humble relativism, this readiness to compromise, is what sometimes irritates men of action about the liberal tradition. It puts them in mind of the English statesman who "never deviated from the straight and narrow path between right and wrong." But that is

exactly the path the true liberal will not walk. His area of endless compromise is politics: things that are Caesar's. On questions of morals he will not compromise at all.

No man can be a liberal who does not believe that faith and morals are independent of politics, more important than politics and essential to political liberty. Thus, while the liberal can refuse Mr. Laski's latest challenge, he must oppose the essential materialism of Laski's viewpoint without quarter.

"We must alter the central principle of our civilization," says Mr. Laski, "to plan production for community consumption. From that central principle alone do there flow the ethical values which can renovate and refresh this dying civilization." The basic difference between a Laski and a liberal lies in those words. The difference is not about the desirability of an Age of Plenty nor about the possibility of attaining it. But Laski seems to think that "ethical values" will automatically flow from it, once attained. The liberal knows that ethical values do not flow from such a "central principle" any more than they flow from central heating. They flow only from the hearts of men who believe in something greater than any political or economic system.

Altruism and High Explosives

During the '20s, when "community consumption" reached new highs in this country, an American professor named Irving Babbitt (who also, in 1924, predicted the atomic bomb) described Western civilization as "a mixture of altruism and high explosives. If anything is amiss with the altruism," he said, "the results may prove rather serious."

Well, something was, and they did. They will again. Altruism, as the liberal knows, is just another name for the things hell is paved with. When attempts are made to erect it into a social philosophy, the liberal takes alarm. He remembers how and at what cost he once went for Rousseau, who first planted the hope in man's breast that social reform would make self-reform unnecessary. A century and a half of steady social reform since then—and where are we? The liberal's first task in the coming era, and the mark by which you can tell a true one, is to remind men that only good individuals, whether rich or poor, can make a good society.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

Prince Fumimaro Konoye, Japan's ex-premier, gave a party the night before he was to surrender as a war criminal. He chatted pleasantly with his guests and then, after they were gone, poisoned himself. Before the Americans entered his neat and modern home to take away his body, they took off their shoes. Just before he died Konoye had written his memoirs, in which he absolved himself of war guilt and placed the blame on the militarists. He claimed that if an interview with President Roosevelt could have been arranged the war would have been averted.

In stocking feet a U. S. lieutenant kneels by deathbed
of suicide Prince Konoze, three times premier of Japan



GENERAL PATTON IS LAID TO REST

Famous soldier is buried in Europe

General George Smith Patton Jr. had survived two great wars, three battle wounds and dozens of narrow battlefield escapes. It seemed likely that he would be able to survive the terrible auto accident in Germany in early December which had broken his neck. Encased in a plaster cast, he fought back from the edge of death. But then, on Friday, Dec. 21, 12 days after the accident, death came suddenly and peacefully. A lung clot killed "Old Blood and Guts" while he slept.

The body of General Patton was taken from the military hospital in Heidelberg to a mountain villa overlooking the old city. There it lay in state all day Saturday. Then his steel-gray, flag-covered casket was carried down a winding road to Heidelberg's Christ Church for a simple funeral ceremony. In a halftrack that had helped spearhead Patton's brilliant drive through France, the coffin was carried to a special funeral train. Seventeen guns saluted him and, as the train doors closed, taps was blown by a GI whose division had been saved by Patton's Third Army in the Battle of the Bulge.

After a slow trip through the night the train eased into the city of Luxembourg. From the station the funeral cortege marched solemnly to an American military cemetery, followed by citizens of Luxembourg who trudged the four miles in bare-headed respect to their "liberator." Then, in the white-crossed cemetery whose rolling land General Patton's army had liberated only a year before, the soldiers' rifles volleyed crisply and the general was laid to rest.

The next day General Patton's widow, who only a few weeks before had planned to celebrate a Christmas furlough with her husband at home, returned from his funeral on Christmas Day alone.



THE FUNERAL CEREMONY, held in Heidelberg's Christ Church, was attended by representatives of all the

European Allies, U. S. military leaders and Mrs. Patton. In the balcony of the church were three lone Germans.



MRS. PATTON enters the church with her brother. She flew to Germany after accident, was in next room when her husband died. It was her decision to bury him abroad.



FUNERAL PROCESSION carried the general's body to the train. In the procession to the church a black-veiled German woman stepped up, handed flowers to pallbearers.



THE GENERAL'S HORSE (*above*), with the stirrups and sword reversed in cavalry tradition, accompanied the funeral procession along route of the Third Army on the way to the cemetery. All of the flags, including flags of Luxembourg, were at half staff.

THE GENERAL'S GRAVE (*below*) is in this simple military cemetery at Hunn. Final services were read in tent over grave, which lies next to that of a Third Army rifleman named John B. Przywara, of Detroit, who was killed during the Battle of the Bulge.





PARACHUTE TEST

Girl pilot barely escapes death in trial drop of plane by chute

At Hickory, Fla., Feb. 1, 1945, a 21-year-old test pilot named Elizabeth Gardner attempted a pioneering experiment in aerodynamics and narrowly escaped losing her life. The idea was to land a Piper Cub by parachute, an invention designed to save the lives of planes and crews lost without instruments in thick weather.

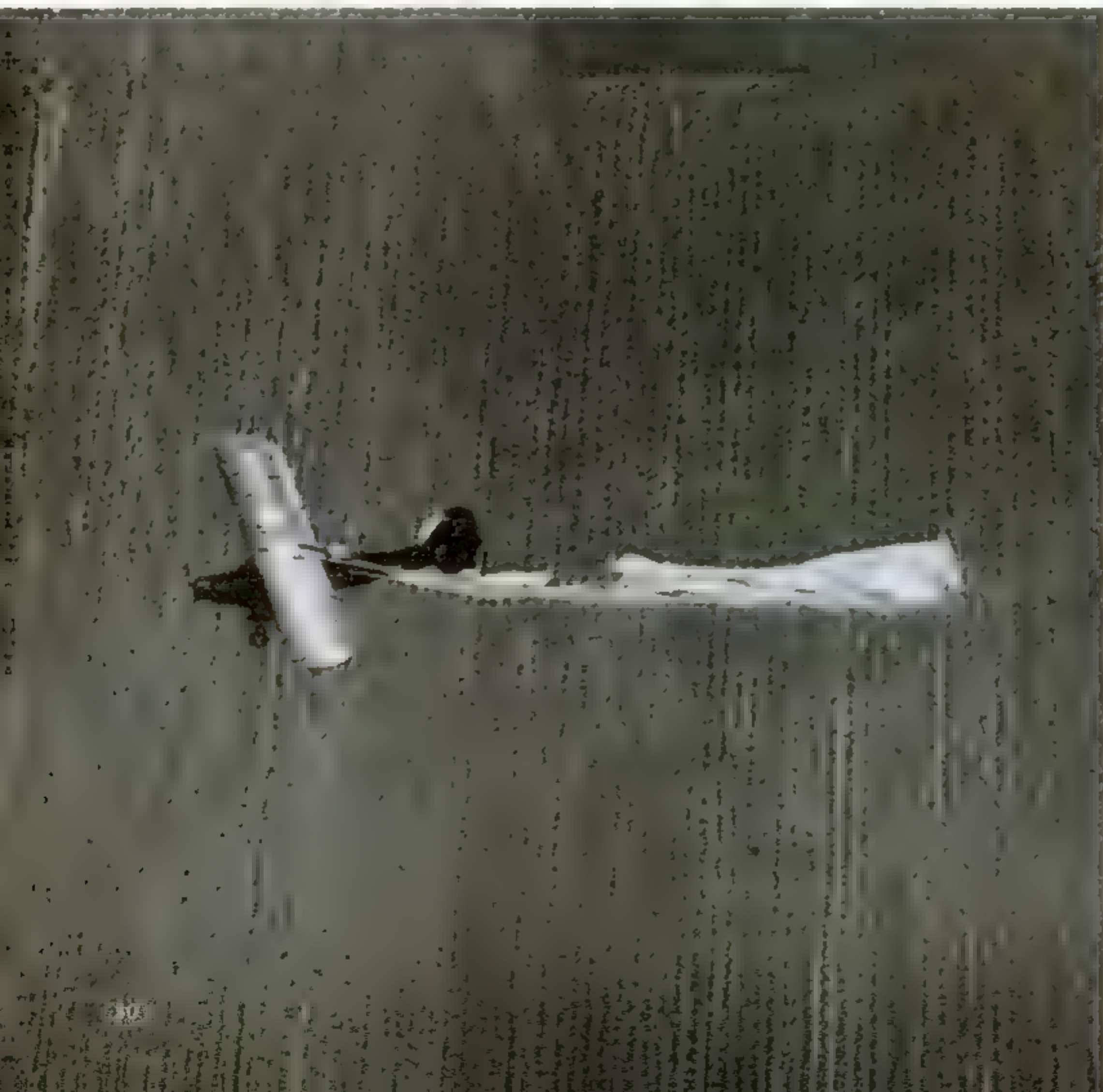
The parachute company, General Textile Mills, Inc., for whom Miss Gardner was making a test, developed the "baseball" parachute used by the Navy during the war for mine-laying and precision deliveries of delicate cargoes. Unlike conventional canopies, which swing their loads in pendulum fashion, the baseball chute has a hemispheric canopy that opens out like a baseball cover and deposits its burden gently and vertically on the ground.

For the test last month, a special chute was built in the fuselage of a Cessna 170. Pilot Gardner, wearing the war-time b-20s with the WASPs that conducted this sort of experiment, saw enough to order. On that occasion the chute opened but its shock lines tangled in the airplane's fuselage and, finding her still sitting in the cockpit, Miss Gardner landed out.

Followed by observer planes, Miss Gardner lost her altitude, the selected field at 2,500 feet, put her parachute test pack pulled the rip cord handle. The pilot chute streamed back over the fuselage and caught on a bracing wire in the tail. The main canopy followed but could not open because of the surprised pilot chute. Rattling away, with its door ajar, the plane went into a steep vertical dive. While watches started, Gardner's parachute nearly 1,500 feet above Piper Cub Gardner forced her way out of the cockpit. Her own chute bloomed at 500 feet and she landed unhurt save to cuts and bruises. Officers of General Textile Mills said they expected to perfect a parachute which being guaranteed to throw parachute free of plane.

TEST PLANE circles over Long Island at 2,500 feet. Parachute is packed in plywood container in fuselage just behind wing. Its lines are attached to three metal ring

bolts in wings. When rip cord was pulled (below) pilot chute found under an. Main canopy streamed out but test plane test, piloted by pilot, chute could not unfurl



TEST PILOT Elizabeth Gardner, 21, ex-WASP, held parachute in plywood box which fits in cabin



PHOTO BY NEWSPAPERS HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND

CRIPPLED PLANE, its controls jammed by the parachute, plunges straight toward camera in 70° dive. Girl pi-

lot, who for several moments was unable to escape from hurtling plane into 150-mph slipstream, succeeded in

bailing out a few seconds before this picture was taken. Her own chute (left) opened only 500 feet above ground.



BRUISED AND BREATHLESS but otherwise unhurt, Pilot Gardner gets back on her feet after hitting frozen field. In right hand she is still clutching rip cord of her chute.



SPLINTERED REMAINS of test plane are inspected by officials of the parachute company. Main canopy of the airplane's chute lies on snowy ground at left of picture.



THE CHIANGS STAND BEFORE PEIPING TEMPLE GATE



PEIPING CITIZENS and Allied officers are greeted warmly by Generalissimo in Cherished Benevolence Hall.



IN SPEECH Chiang scolded Peiping officials for inefficiency but praised citizens for their unwavering loyalty.



MADAME CHIANG poses with U.S. Marine Generals Rockey (left) and Worton at the shrine of Sun Yat-sen.

CHIANGS VISIT PEIPING

GENERALISSIMO COMMENDS CITIZENS AND STERNLY SCOLDS THE OFFICIALS OF CHINA'S ANCIENT CAPITAL

Last month Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek paid his first visit to Peiping, ancient capital of China, since the Japanese occupation. Time-LIFE Correspondent William Gray reported this historic return:

Peiping was chilly bright under the low sun of snowless early winter. A film of dust dulled the yellow glazed tiles of palace roofs in Tze Chun Cheng, the Forbidden City. Along Chien Men Street shopkeepers' tattered red pennants flew in the whistling breeze. The grimy men who sold coal-dust balls huddled by their patterned, bleary displays beside the curbs. Ricksha coolies wrapped their heads in cotton toweling for warmth. Beggars put on more rags.

The Generalissimo arrived in his personal plane, *Mei-lung*. The ministry of information announced that the Generalissimo had come to Peiping to "in-

spect conditions." Persons wronged by the Japanese or the new government should write him details. Five post offices would receive their letters.

The Generalissimo was interested in virtually everything, from Peiping cookery to hard little details of China's reconstruction. He and Madame invited 350 party, civil and military officials to tea. He said, "The war is over. Peace is restored." Then he said he had heard rumors of corruption; some of them he had to believe. In Peiping he had seen more dregs and dirt than he ever had seen before. The Forbidden City was in neglect. Peiping's mayor had explained that this was not in his jurisdiction. The Generalissimo exploded. There would be no such excuses. Nor should the Chinese blame the Japs for all this. They must clean up their cities. Use Japs, if necessary, but clean up.

The Generalissimo built to a crescendo. His face reddened. He pounded the table with a cake fork. To deserve its place as one of the four great nations, said the Generalissimo, China must have moral strength, must help itself. He remembered the early days of the revolution when, if they got one factory, the comrades together made its wheels turn. "Now that we have so many factories, why is it that none of the wheels is turning?" thundered the Generalissimo. "Diligence! Diligence!"

On Saturday the Chiangs made a visit to the Temple of the Azure Clouds, where the body of Sun Yat-sen lay in state until 1928. They bowed three times before the shrine, then climbed to the top of the handsome temple and there had a picnic lunch of Madame's choosing—the major item: hot dogs. The Generalissimo ate only a piece of candy.



U.S. MARINE IS DECORATED by Generalissimo. In cold Chiang kept one hand ungloved, the other gloved.



PRESS CONFERENCE is held at south field before take-off in Chiangs' C-47, named *Mei-lung* for Mme Chiang.



AT SUN YAT-SEN SHRINE Generalissimo and Madame bow three times in traditional gesture of respect.



A GI GUARDS EACH CELL IN NURNBERG JAIL, WHERE 20 TOP NAZI WAR CRIMINALS ARE HELD, TO PREVENT SUICIDES. GUARDS LOOK IN CELLS EVERY 30 SECONDS



GI GUARD PEERS at Hermann Goering. Floodlight shining through wall at 15 seconds off beat. In left.

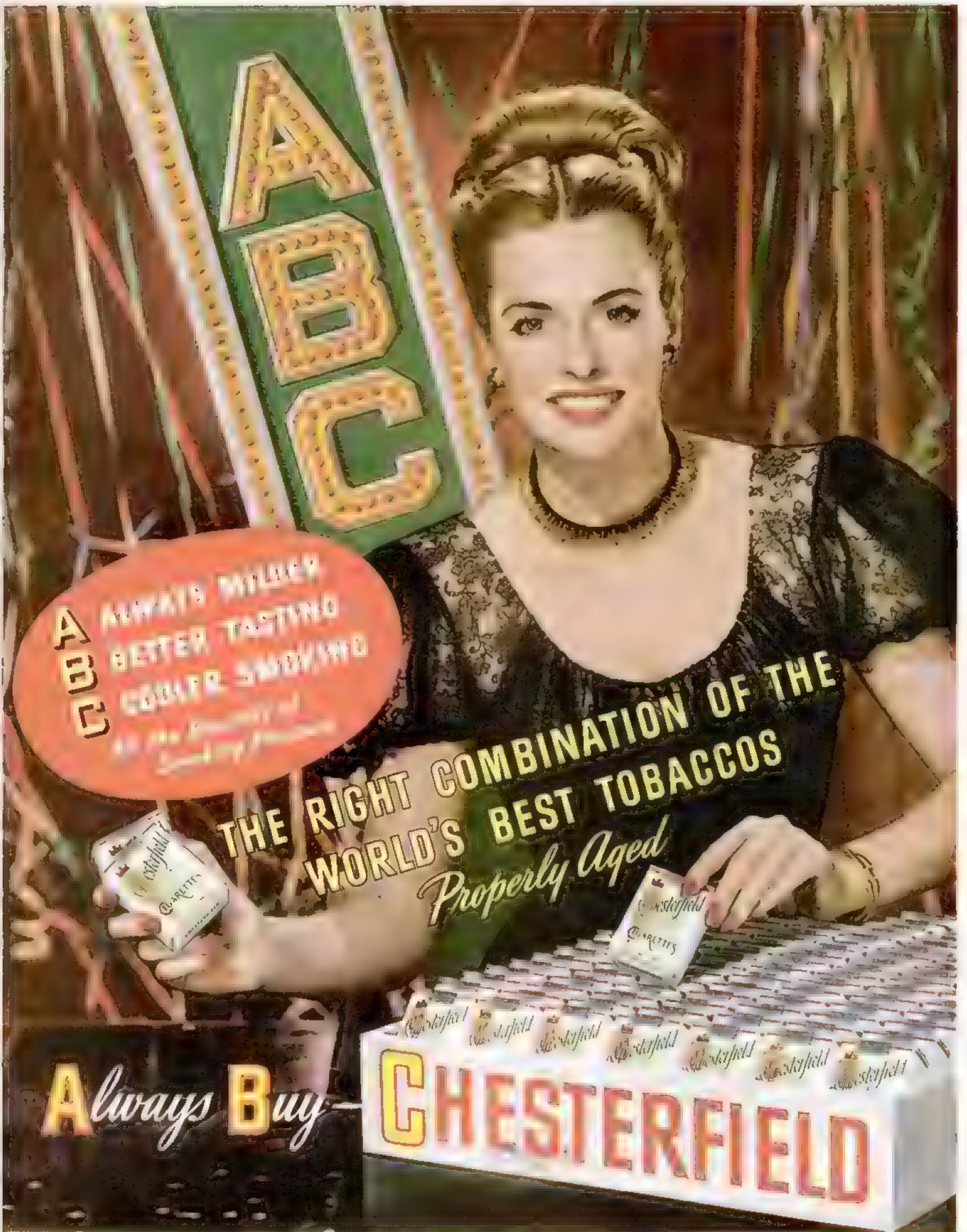
WATCH ON NAZI CRIMINALS

Germany's ex-masters inspected every 30 seconds to prevent suicides

In the rickety old jail in Nurnberg, Germany last month, 20 of the war's top Nazi criminals passed their gloomiest Christmas. They got no special Christmas foods, no special Christmas favors from anyone during the trial's holiday recess. In each six-by-eight-foot cell was a small wooden table and chair, a springing iron cot with straw-filled mattress and an ancient toilet without a seat. Three times a day they ate plain food out of dented GI mess kits and twice a day, spaced 30 feet apart, went for 20-minute walks in the tiny prison courtyard spattered with dirty snow. They spent their

time reading, smoking and just staring at the bare walls of their dingy cells. At night they slept with out-sheets under rough GI blankets. Still, they were better off for food and shelter than most of the Europeans out of jail (see pp. 21-23).

To prevent more suicides and that of Dr. Robert Ley, the prison authorities have taken an unprecedented precaution. Plexiglas has replaced ordinary window glass, and cells are searched daily. On entering cells, prisoners are stripped of neckties and shoelaces. To make sure they're watched individually, twice every minute, day and night,



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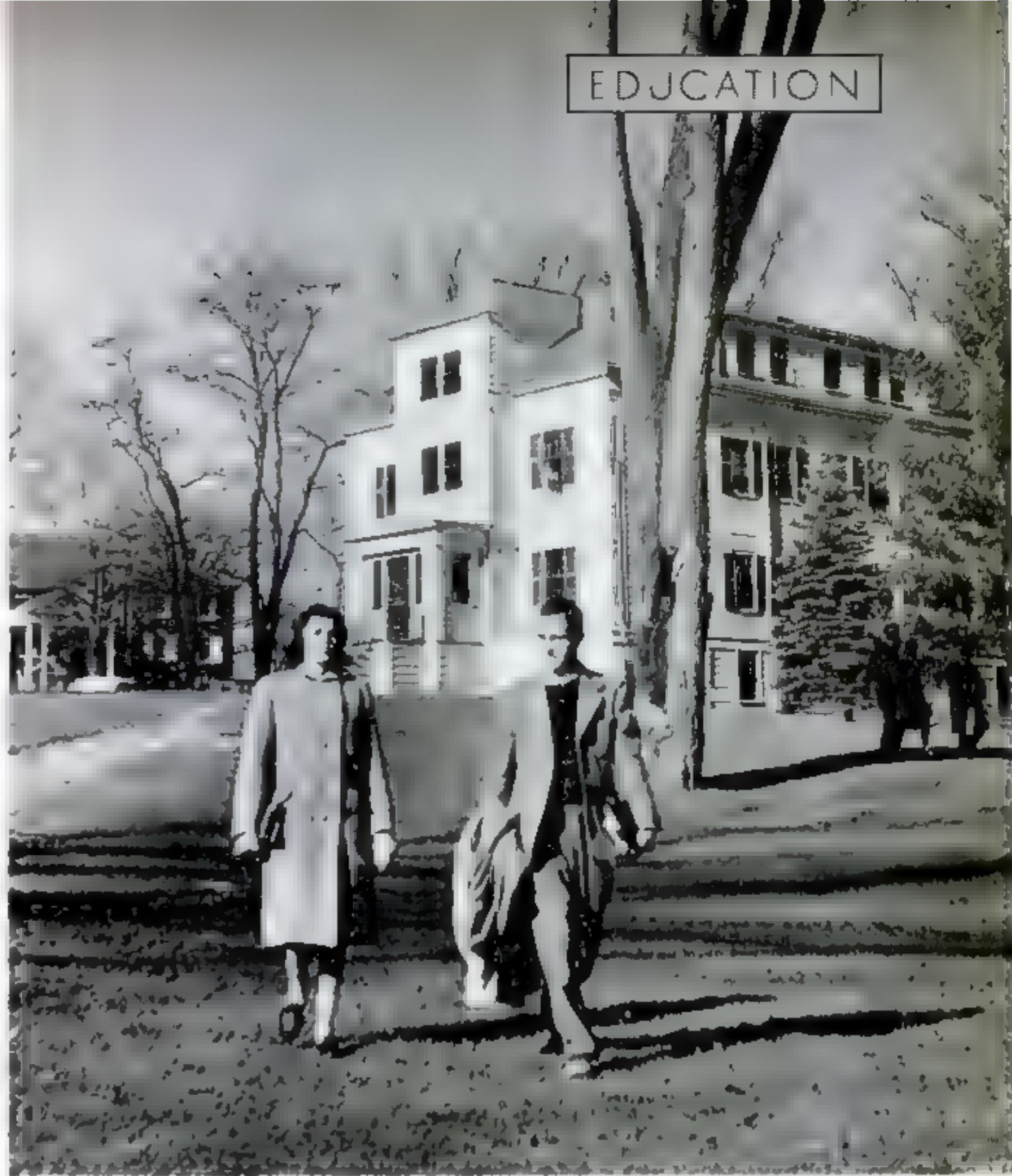
They go back to studies with wives and children

There are 125,000 war veterans in college now, and by next fall there will be 600,000 of them. All of them are taking advantage of the GI Bill of Rights which provides free tuition and books, plus \$50 a month for single veterans, \$75 for married veterans. They are, for the most part, older, wiser and more industrious than other students. For the married ones there are many problems.

Most immediate problem is housing. Most colleges, overwhelmed by the deluge of war veterans who came with wives and children, were incapable of doing anything about it. In many college towns veterans are forced to shift for themselves. Other colleges, like Wisconsin, provide one-room, waterless trailers for the married-veteran population which rent for \$25 to \$32.50 a month. A few, like Williams, remodeled their male dormitories into well-furnished three-room apartments, charge \$45 a month. But in too many colleges across the country veterans are studying and living in overcrowded apartment houses, gymnasiums, abandoned war plants and automobile courts.

In some places married veterans keep apart from the younger college students in a tight little group of their own. In others there is easy intermingling. Generally the veterans are more serious than nonveterans about themselves and the world. At the University of Wisconsin and Williams College, where these pictures were taken, LIFE got a cross section of student-veteran opinion.

Most veterans thought peace depended upon a strong United Nations Organization and that "the U. S. should internationalize the atom bomb" and place responsibility "in a world security council. . . . To leave the Russians out will only bring jealousy." They felt a U. S. policy toward Russia should be hard but understanding. They took a firm stand against big strikes and against a soft peace for Germany and Japan. Greatest unanimity came in support of peacetime conscription.



AT WILLIAMS war veteran Stan Fellner and his wife Shirley walk across the lawn in front of Greylock Hall, dormitory provided for married students and their wives.



AT WISCONSIN war veteran Lyle Warzeka holds Randy, his 18-month-old son, as his wife Bonnie steps

out of their trailer to join their student neighbors and their children for an afternoon walk. The Warzekas pay

\$32.50 a month for their one-room trailer, find the trailer has many disadvantages, especially lack of water.

Under Your Trim Fur Hat
Have a Dazzling
SweetHeart Soap complexion



CHANGE TO SWEETHEART'S
1-2-3 *Extra lather* **BEAUTY CARE**



Never before has a season brought you such smartly dramatic new styles. Whether the severe lines are kind or cruel to your beauty may depend on the care you give your complexion.

So choose your beauty soap wisely. Among all eight leading beauty soaps, just compare SweetHeart! Prove that SweetHeart gives you more real beauty lather than the average soap. Yes, the *extra lather* you want for these three basic steps to loveliness.

Here's All You Do!

Night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich lather on your face for one minute. Rinse with warm, then icy cold water. This *extra lather* beauty care gives 3-way help... (1) *cleanses* (2) *stimulates* (3) *brightens* your skin to its fresh, natural radiance. Your skin looks lovelier—feels like velvet! Get SweetHeart Soap today.

The soap that **AGREES**
with your skin



DON'T WASTE SOAP

Soap, remember, costs no materials vital to re-conversion.

Tune in "THE STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS."

Also "BARRY CAMERON." See local paper for time and station.

Veterans at College CONTINUED

VETERANS AT WILLIAMS LIVE WELL

Stan Fellner, 24, returned to Williams last November as a junior after two and a half years as a Navy fighter pilot. He and his wife Shirley, a Smith College graduate, have been married six months, live in Greylock Hall along with eight other couples. Their three rooms are well furnished, contain rugs, electric refrigerator, stove and a cabinet-type sink, cost \$45 a month. Shirley does all the housework and cooking.



PHYSICS LAB is where Fellner does most of his work. Here Shirley helps him do an assignment. Although Shirley has graduated she takes a few courses.



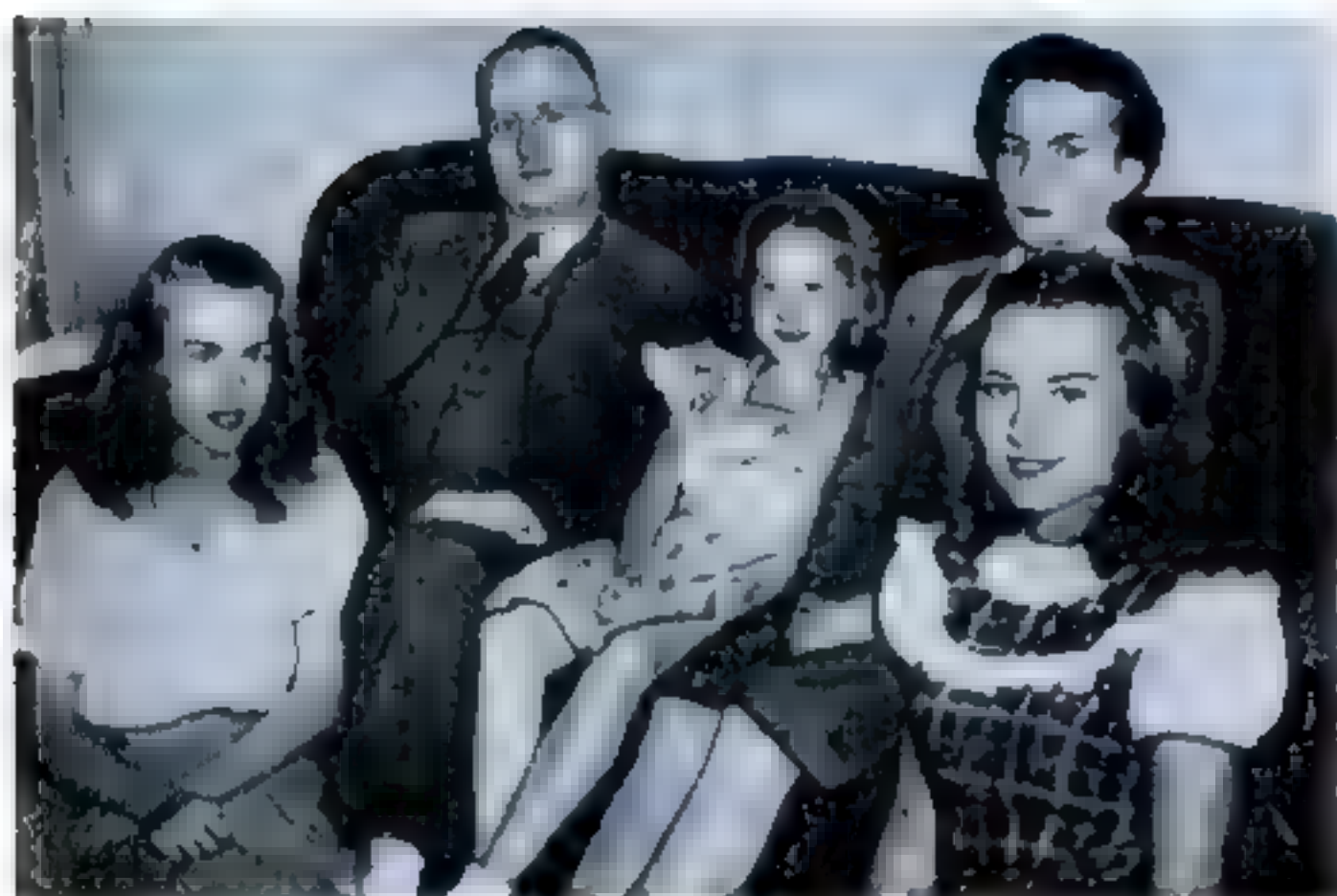
THE FELLNERS STUDY until 11 p.m. In addition to his GI benefits of \$75 a month Fellner spends another \$50 a month from his war-pay savings.



SQUARE DANCE for married veterans is given by Williams faculty in elegant Faculty House. Most veterans bowl, give parties, play cards with each other.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

NEW G-E ELECTRIC SINK GETS A HAND FROM THE FLOYD RUSSELLS, OF MACOMB, ILL.



A few weeks ago, the whole Russell family trooped off to see a G-E Electric Kitchen. Mrs. Russell just couldn't believe her eyes when she saw the new G-E Dishwasher in action! "How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Dishes washed and rinsed *completely automatically*—and dried in their own heat—in a few minutes! And cleaner than I could do it myself!"



Mr. Russell was specially impressed with the G-E Disposall. "This'll be the end of our garbage problems!" he said. "The G-E Disposall disposes of food waste *electrically*!" Scrape food waste off the dishes and on down this self-cleaning electric drain. Close the cover, turn on the cold water. Zingo! Everything shredded up and flushed away in a jiffy!



Martha and Frances watched a chicken bone vanish—down the magic Disposall! This sanitary scientific marvel will fit into most any kitchen sink. The G-E Disposall and the G-E Dishwasher may be purchased separately—or as the unit called the G-E Electric Sink. "I want both!" sighed Mrs. Russell. "It will save us all so much time and work!"



Rosalie Russell was thrilled with the G-E Dishwasher. "We won't have to worry about dropping soapy dishes!" she cried. Put dishes in, turn a switch, forget them. Small families will wash dishes just *once a day*. Larger families, twice a day. "Sold!" said Mr. Russell. "One G-E Electric Sink—as soon as we can get it!" General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR GOOD LISTENING: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.S.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.S.T., NBC.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



DISHWASHER AND DISPOSALL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOR THE COMPLETE TABLE-TO-SHELF DISH JOB!

The Secret of Making Other Women like you



DON'T BE A "WHINER"... Stop magnifying every little trouble you have. For instance, if you're foolish enough to let some harsh bad-tasting laxative weaken and upset you, don't complain about it to others. Resolve, instead, that that sort of punishment is *unnecessary*, and that

Some laxatives are too strong!



MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND... Don't burden others with making your decisions—especially the little ones!... "Do you really think I should try something else?" is a silly question when some insipid-tasting "sissy" laxative has failed to give you the proper relief. Your own experience should be enough to convince you that

Some laxatives are too mild!



BE A FRIENDLY, CHEERFUL PERSON! You'll find it's easier when you're not worrying about how you feel. So if, for instance, you're faced with the problem of what laxative to use, try Ex-Lax. For over 40 years, folks have liked its good chocolate taste. And they like the way Ex-Lax acts, too—so effectively, but so very *gently*! Not too strong, not too mild

EX-LAX is the "Happy Medium"!

**IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE
WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD!**

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the Chocolate Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but it's kind and gentle, too!
10c and 25c at drug stores



As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Veterans at College CONTINUED

WISCONSIN LIFE IS PLAIN AND RUGGED

Lyle Warzeka, 23, is a sophomore at the University of Wisconsin, majors in science. He was a Marine private, was wounded at Guadalcanal, now lives with his wife Bonnie, 21, and his baby in one of the 91 trailers which the university provides for its married veterans. Although trailer life is hard, the veterans are proud of their community, have elected a mayor and city council and run their own affairs.



PHILOSOPHY is one of few nonscience courses Warzeka (right) takes. After discharge from Marines in 1943 he worked in war plant, entered Wisconsin.



BREAKFAST follows washing up in communal bathroom near trailer. On way back from washing, Warzeka stops at pump to get water for breakfast coffee.



BOWLING is Warzekas' favorite sport. Bonnie (left) gasps after she makes a strike. When they go out bowling or dancing, YWCA girls watch the baby.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

"Which oil? Why I'd ask an expert!"



"**Sounds reasonable,**" I had to agree. "But just where do we find the expert?"

"That's easy," said the ever-helpful wife. "Drive in and ask our dealer. He sees so many cars. And his own car runs so nice and smooth. He *must* know plenty about oil."

"But I already know what brands he sells. There's Macmillan, and . . ."

She cut in fast. "Not what brands he *sells*. Ask him what he *uses* in his own car!"



"**I use Macmillan Ring-Free,**" our expert said. "Throughout the nation, 3 OUT OF 5 of us independent dealers* use Macmillan in our own cars, even though we handle more than 800 other brands, too! Why? Guess it's because we see *proof* that this oil makes any car run smoother, longer."



"**Deep in the heart of Texas,** for instance" . . . There's a rancher who whips his car around 60,000 acres of dust, ruts and open country. He switched to Macmillan oil and "at once, noticed gasoline mileage to be improved!" (His own words . . . the letter's in our files.)



West Coast fire-fighter . . . really punishes cars. "Motor trouble never bothered me" and "some of my cars went as much as 70,000 miles," he brags. Naturally! He used the *only* oil refined by the patented Macmillan process . . . oil that removes hard carbon, cuts down wear and repair.



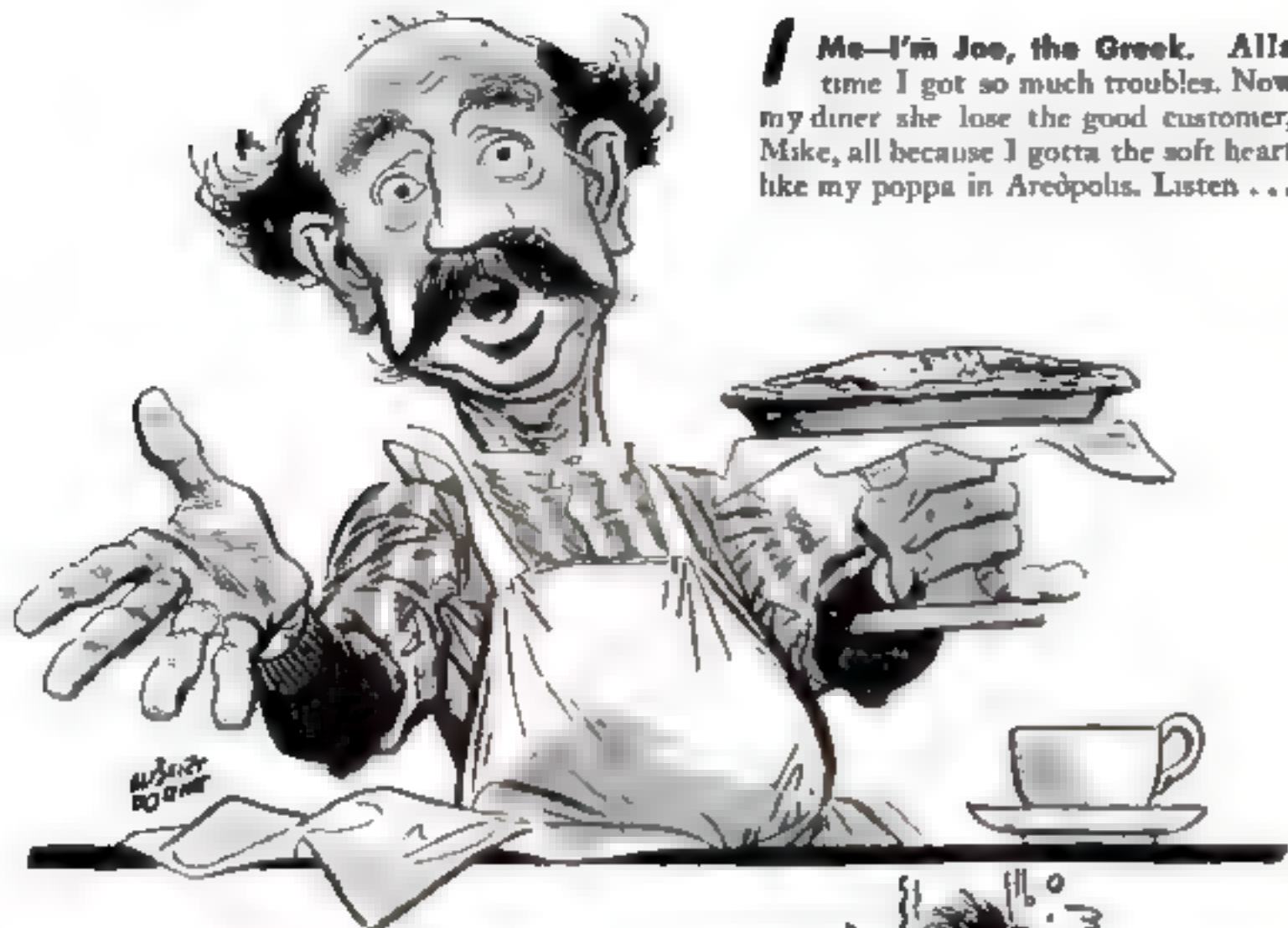
"**Make mine Macmillan, too!**" I decided. "What's good enough for the experts must be best for my car." Yes, and best for **YOUR** car. Best bet to keep that war-weary old bus on the road . . . best starter-outer to help you get all the smooth power that's built into your new car! Look for the Macmillan sign in your neighborhood. Drive in today. Ask *your* expert!

Throughout the Nation **3 out of 5** of these dealers* say —

"I USE MACMILLAN IN MY CAR!"

*Based on actual reports from thousands of independent dealers who sell Macmillan and more than 800 other brands of oil.

How to stoppa the gamble and keepa the love ~



Me—I'm Joe, the Greek. Alla time I got so much troubles. Now my diner she lose the good customer, Mike, all because I gotta the soft heart like my poppa in Areopolis. Listen ...



2 Every nights, Mike, he stop late after pinochles for 3 beeg hunka pie. For pies we got apples, pitches, stromberries, and coconots. Mike, he like coconots best, and LOTSA coffee. But Mike, he's worry me—



3 He's got the beeg bags under the eyes. He say, "That's the troubles with me, it's the coffee. I love—but the caffeine won't let me sleep. So I stay our nights. Gamble away the pay."



4 Me, Joe—I'm soft in the heart. I say, "Soon your wife getsa mad—you lose the love. You take the coffee who'sa name Sanka—she's got 97% freedoms from caffains. She letsa you sleep lika tops."



5 Mike, he say, "Joe—this Sanka Coffee, does she taste good?" Me, I tell Mike, "She's delicious flavors—and for the smell ... she's beautiful." So Mike, he tells the wife to buy the Sanka.



6 Now Mike sleep like angels ... he stay home nights. He say, "Joe, you palsy. I stoppa the gamble in time to keepa the love." For Mike I'm happy ... but for me, always 3 beeg hunka coconots pies left over.



YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP!
Real coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like, it's 97% caffeine-free! A Product of General Foods.

SANKA HAS A NEW RADIO SHOW! A half-hour of laughs with Fanny Brice! Don't miss it—"The Baby Snooks Show." Sunday evenings on CBS. 6:30 P.M. Eastern—5:30 P.M. Central—4:30 P.M. Mountain—7:30 P.M. Pacific.

Veterans at College CONTINUED



CLOTHESLINES adjoin one of Wisconsin's two laundries, which contain washing machines, ironing boards and rinsing tubs. Veterans' wives who have jobs use the laundries on weekends, the rest use them during the week.



PHONE BOOTH is communal for veterans at Williams. For most veterans there the transition to married life has been easy. Most belong to fraternities, carry on activities they pursued before they went to war and got married.



RAILROAD DOLLARS Switch Back to All of Us



2% TO WORK FOR THE FUTURE

That last 2 cents of the railroad dollar is for investment in the better railroads which continuing research is making possible—better equipment—better service—more jobs—to help provide, *for us all*, in better and better fashion, the rail transportation upon which this nation depends.

In their essential service to the nation, the American railroads during 1945 again hauled an enormous tonnage of freight for an average charge of less than one cent per ton per mile, and carried millions of service and civilian passengers for fares averaging less than before the *First* World War. For this job the railroads received less than 9 billion dollars. And here's where the money went . . .

41% FOR WAGES

This money, paid to 1,400,000 railroad employees, buys homes and furniture, food and clothing, education, insurance—helps make local business prosper.

32% FOR MATERIALS, ETC.

More than two-thirds of this was paid to a broad cross section of industry which furnishes railroad supplies. This money helps to make better business and more jobs in every state and almost every county in the country.

16% FOR TAXES

Railroad taxes are spent for the general support and services of government—national defense, public safety, schools, hospitals. None of this money is used to provide tracks for trains, but some of it is spent by government to help provide and maintain the highways, waterways, and airways used by other forms of commercial transportation.

6% FOR INTEREST, RENTS, ETC.

The greater part of this was paid to those who have loaned money to the railroads and receive interest in return—including the millions of men and women who have an investment in railroads through their life insurance policies, savings bank deposits and the like.

3% FOR DIVIDENDS

This three cents out of each dollar was paid to about a million individual citizens who have invested their savings in railroad stocks—helping to provide the "tools" with which railroad employees do their work.



AMERICAN RAILROADS



NORMANDY



CANNES



MARRAKESH



ANTIBES



WEARING HIS SIREN SUIT, CHURCHILL SITS OUTSIDE CHARTWELL, HIS HOME IN KENT

The Paintings of **WINSTON CHURCHILL**

LIFE presents a great statesman's avocation

History will record Winston Churchill as one of Britain's greatest prime ministers, as a superb orator and as a talented historian. But Churchill himself takes enormous pride in another accomplishment: his painting. For the past 30 years he has been one of England's most indefatigable amateur painters. He has set up his easel at his home, Chartwell in Kent, in France and North Africa (*left*) and even as far afield as the Rocky Mountains.

On the following pages LIFE gives Americans their first good look at Winston Churchill's paintings, reproducing in color a representative group of his best work. Most of them were done during two recent vacations, a trip to the Basque country of southern France last July and a trip to Italy and the French Riviera last fall.

Winston Churchill started his painting hobby at the age of 40 when he happened one day to see his children playing with a box of paints. With characteristic determination the next day he bought a gargantuan painting outfit complete with easel, palette and smock. Immediately he set to work in a nearby park where his friend, Lady Lavery, wife of the famous British painter, Sir John Lavery, found

him struggling and gave him a few pointers. Churchill continued to paint with enormous gusto. On a trip to Egypt he fell off a camel while painting the pyramids. Today Churchill's great pride is a large studio at Chartwell hung with original Churchills through which he frequently conducts visitors to his estate.

Technically Churchill's painting is not equal to his statesmanship, but it is pervaded by the same spirit of dogged realism. Like Eleanor Roosevelt's prose, it is earnest, straightforward and innocent of professional polish. Though he is tickled pink when people like his work, he discusses it shyly. "It is a delightful amusement to myself," he says, "and at any rate not violently harmful to man or beast. There is no subject on which I feel more humble or yet at the same time more natural. It is something to occupy your leisure, to divert your mind from the daily round, to illuminate your holidays. . . . I must say I like bright colors. I rejoice with the brilliant ones, and am genuinely sorry for the poor browns. When I get to Heaven I mean to spend a considerable portion of my first million years in painting, and so get to the bottom of the subject."



ON THE SHORE OF LAKE COMO Winston Churchill painted this picture. Like many famous Britishers, Churchill loves the Italian countryside, spent his latest va-

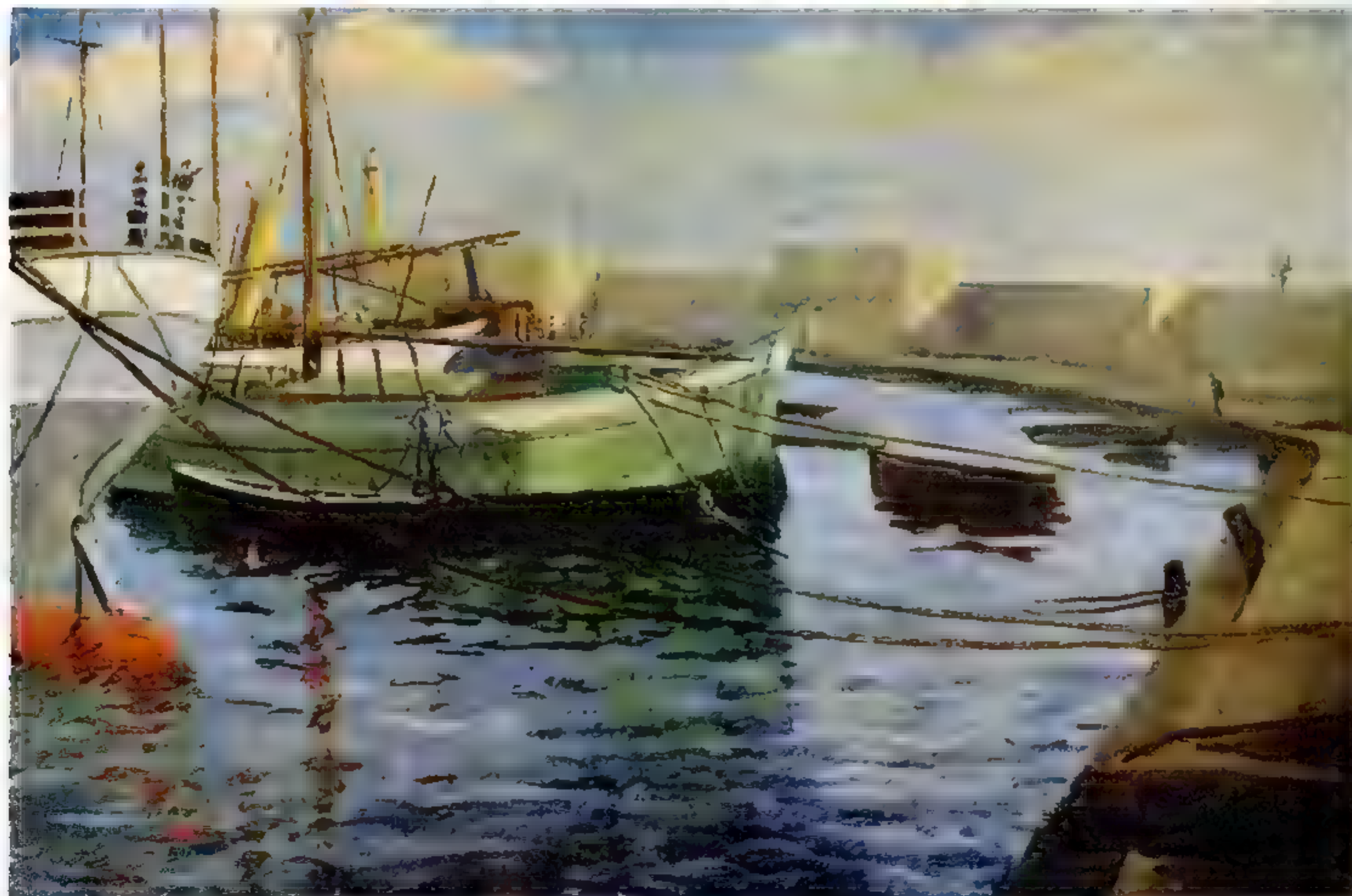
cation there, part of the time at a villa used as headquarters by Field Marshal Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander. He spent much of the time there seeking subjects to paint.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



REFLECTIONS AT ST. JEAN is the title of this landscape painted in the little Mediterranean town of St. Jean on Cap Ferrat in the neighborhood of Nice. Asked his

opinion of it, Churchill beamed and admitted that it was "a very good picture." "I am very pleased with this one," he said. "I think it is a very good picture."



FRENCH RIVIERA, with its clear sun-drenched and incised by blue water, has always been a painter's paradise. Churchill does not rate the scene in *Capri Harbor*, which

he held in "very" quite as highly as the *St. Jean Reflections* shown in the picture above. But he is "a very good painter" and a "very good painter" and a "very good painter."



VILLA ON THE NIVELLE was painted at La Hendaye in southern France during a ten-day vacation that Churchill managed to sandwich in between last July's

elections and the Potsdam Conference. It was his first painting in six years. Churchill had been so busy being prime minister he was afraid he had forgotten how to paint.



OLIVE GROVE AT LA DRAGONIERE near Monte Carlo might have served as a typical subject for the great French painter Paul Cézanne. While painting on the

beach at Monte Carlo, Churchill often dispensed with the umbrella he usually takes with him on his sketching trips, soaked himself thoroughly in the Mediterranean sun.



GOLDFISH POND depicted in this painting is one of the many ponds on Churchill's country estate, Chartwell, in Kent. Bright orange fish are golden orfe of which he

owned a school of 10. Some were nearly two feet long. One winter's night a thief stole them; Churchill was incensed, but decided it was "under a dining expert."



TERRACE AT CHARTWELL was painted by Churchill after a snowfall. The estate was bought by Churchill in the '20s with money he had earned from his prolific writ-

ings. An expert amateur bricklayer as well as a painter, Churchill built the wall shown at the rear of this scene with his own hands, is as proud of it as of his paintings.



STILL LIFE subjects are painted by Churchill on half days or in the evenings by the light of a huge daylight lamp in his studio. His favorite indoor subjects are flowers,

which he paints in colors far more adventurous than those used in his landscapes. Though Churchill's initials in left and center, as on a signed painting in this group,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



MOUNTAINS at Lake Lugano in northern Italy are painted by Churchill in *Sicilian Days*. The scene in

foreground is taken with wood. This was the first of the pictures painted on Churchill's recent Italian vacation.



CHURCH is also near the shores of lake Como. Churchill refers to his other bellies (crickling, cackling) as



FARM on a hillside near Lake Como shows a different facet of the Italian country depicted at top. During his va-

cation Churchill traveled incognito under assumed name of Colonel Warden, but he was occasionally recognized.



LAKE MAGGIORE is another of the northern Italian lakes painted last fall by Churchill. Of this particular



"my boys," to his paintings as "my children." He rarely sells his "children," but sometimes gives them to friends.



painting Churchill himself is rather critical. "Not one of the best," remarks his biographer, "but it is a good one."



DESERT SCENE, an early Churchill painting, shows the walls of Marrakech in North Africa where Churchill

stayed during the 1935-36 Christmas season. This is one of the few paintings that show large human figures.



LAKESIDE SCENE shows part of an old town on Lake Como where it sprawls out along waterfront. Churchill

brought 14 new oil paintings back from his recent trip to Italy and the Riviera, of which ten are reproduced here.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



A FORTHRIGHT COLORIST, Churchill eschews subtlety, lives on his blues and greens almost as they come from the paint tube and gets very little variety of tone.

He painted this landscape near Lake Lugano, which is about ten miles west of Lake Como in Italian Alps. An impressionist, Churchill indicates humming activity,



ROCKY SEASCAPE, which looks a little like the famous coastal scenery around Carmel, Calif., depicts the view of the Mediterranean from the Villa Pirelli at Genoa

where Churchill stayed two nights on his way through northern Italy. Villa, property of Alberto Pirelli, Italian tire magnate, is now used as local British headquarters.

THIS IS FOR KEEPS



*His arms wrap you tight, his strength and warmth
and tenderness enfold you . . . it's the day, it's the
hour, it's for keeps!*

*For keeps, too, and forever, you'll cherish your
Community! Here's traditional beauty, preserved by
master silversmiths, for a lifetime of gracious living.
At your jeweler's now, there's Community . . . the
silverware overlaid with solid silver at extra-wear
points. A 50-piece service for 8 places . . . in a dis-
tinguished chest . . . costs only \$62.50. (No govt tax)*

*It's Community you've waited for, you know
is correct . . . it's Community you'll want for keeps.*

Community
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

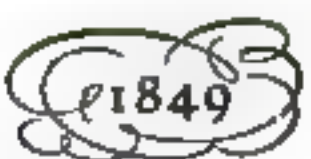


If it's Community... it's correct*



FIGHT
Infantile Paralysis
JANUARY 14-31

JUST THE



THE BEER THAT MADE



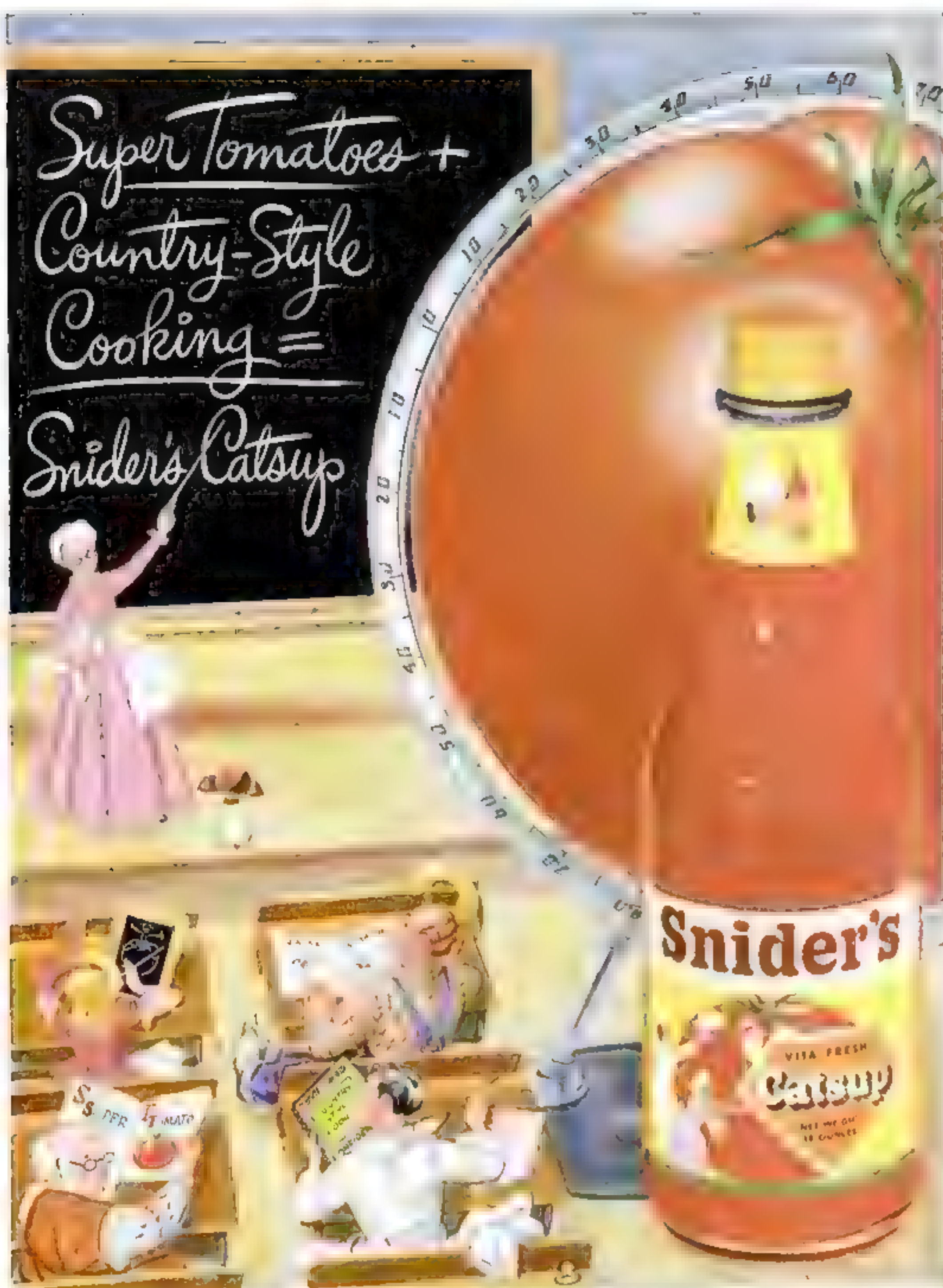
Kiss OF THE HOPS

...Not the harsh bitterness

Copyright 1946, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc.

MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

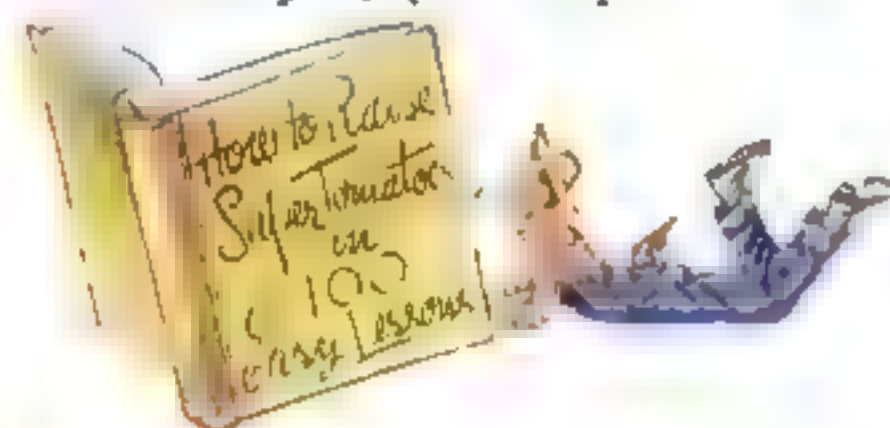




First Lesson in Flavor... Snider's Catsup

**MADE REAL COUNTRY-STYLE
-WITH REAL SUPER TOMATOES**

It was really Grandma Snider who taught the Snider Folks how to make real Country-Style Catsup that can't be beat. Of course Farmer Snider deserves credit, too, for raisin' Super-Tomatoes to help make Snider's Catsup a Super Catsup.



BUT — It was Grandma who knew how to take these big ripe red tomatoes and make up a Catsup real Country-Style, with a tangy flavor all its own. Lan's sake, even a child can taste the difference between Snider's and ordinary store-bought catsup.



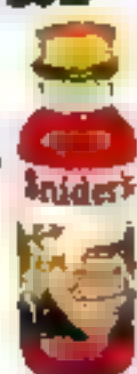
And Grandma's spice shelf was famous for miles around... just chock-full of wonderful secret spices to make Snider's Catsup extra flavory. What's more, Grandma knew how to make catsup so it would pour on the plate smooth as silk... never watery, never blobby, just right!

Yes, sir, the Snider Folks learned all about catsup from Grandma, and they've never forgotten. Of course nowadays Snider's Catsup is so famous it's outgrown Grandma's kitchen, but it's still made from Super-Tomatoes with real country-kitchen care. Taste it, and see—today!

Besides Snider's Catsup...there's a whole line of delicious Snider's vegetables and fruits in can and jar...and there's



Snider's Chili Sauce, the real Old Fashioned kind...Snider's Cocktail Sauce, so spicy and tangy....with that Special



Snider Flavor

If the Snider Folks put it up... it tastes like home

The Snider Folks



Copyright 1946 by General Foods Corp.



MAURICE EVANS AS HAMLET includes this seldom-played scene in his GI production. Shakespeare set it merely on "a plain in Denmark," but Evans turned it

into a seaport where soldiers are embarking for battle. Here Hamlet berates himself for his own inactivity while he sees "the imminent death of twenty thousand men."

THE GI HAMLET

Broadway sees how Maurice Evans made Shakespeare a soldier hit

During the war Maurice Evans, the most famous Shakespearean actor in America, became a major in the U. S. Army and was made officer in charge of entertainment for the Central Pacific. Among the 55 shows he produced he naturally included his own famous *Hamlet*. For GI audiences he made many changes, cutting and clarifying to speed up the action. Compared to old-time conceptions the *GI Hamlet* is a rough-and-ready extrovert, delayed in avenging his father's murder more by

force of circumstance than by his own pigeon liver. The result, now being shown on Broadway, is a walloping good show which has, however, lost none of Shakespeare's poetry and power.

Evans gave his *Hamlet* a plausible air of romantic melodrama by setting it in early 19th Century scenery. He cut the gravediggers' scene ("Alas, poor Yorick . . .") because "jokes were too corny for GIs." In these pages *LIFE* shows some of the innovations which made the *Hamlet* a GI hit.



*He taught his neighbors how
to make fine whiskey...but kept
one formula to himself*

And the precious formula that James Crow
treasured so highly, is used in the making
of Old Crow Whiskey today.



THOSE IN THE KNOW - ASK FOR

**OLD
CROW**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

Bottled-in-Bond



A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

GI "Hamlet" CONTINUED



GAY WALTZ (upper right) goes on while the king (Thomas Gomez) meets Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. This new business is added to show how callously the king in his merry court dismisses his murder of Hamlet's father.



A ROUGH HAMLET whirls Ophelia (Frances Reid) onto the floor in the famous get-thee-to-a-nunnery scene, signifying that he completely rejects her love and from now on is bent only on avenging the murder of his father.



HAMLET DENOUNCES his queen mother (Lili Darvas), who has married the murderer of his father, with far more vigor than the traditional esthetic Hamlets. His farewell to her, though, is tender and full of filial devotion.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

When tempers need
to be controlled ...



Why be Irritated? Light an Old Gold

It's the *extra details* that make Old Gold a treasure of pleasure *extras* for you! There's the friendly plus of Apple "Honey"* for mellow-moist freshness . . . the plus of world-choice tobaccos, blended to perfection . . . the plus of rare Latakia tobacco, added for extra flavor. Even the snow-white cigarette *paper* . . . made from virgin pure flax . . . adds a special luxury to your smoking enjoyment. Enjoy Old Gold's *extras* yourself. Try a pack . . . today.




LISTEN TO
FRANK SINATRA
Wednesday Evenings CBS



and
MEET ME AT PARKY'S
Sunday Evenings NBC

*Made from the juice of fresh apples, a special moisture-guarding agent we call Apple "Honey" helps keep Old Golds free from cigarette dryness.



DRINK

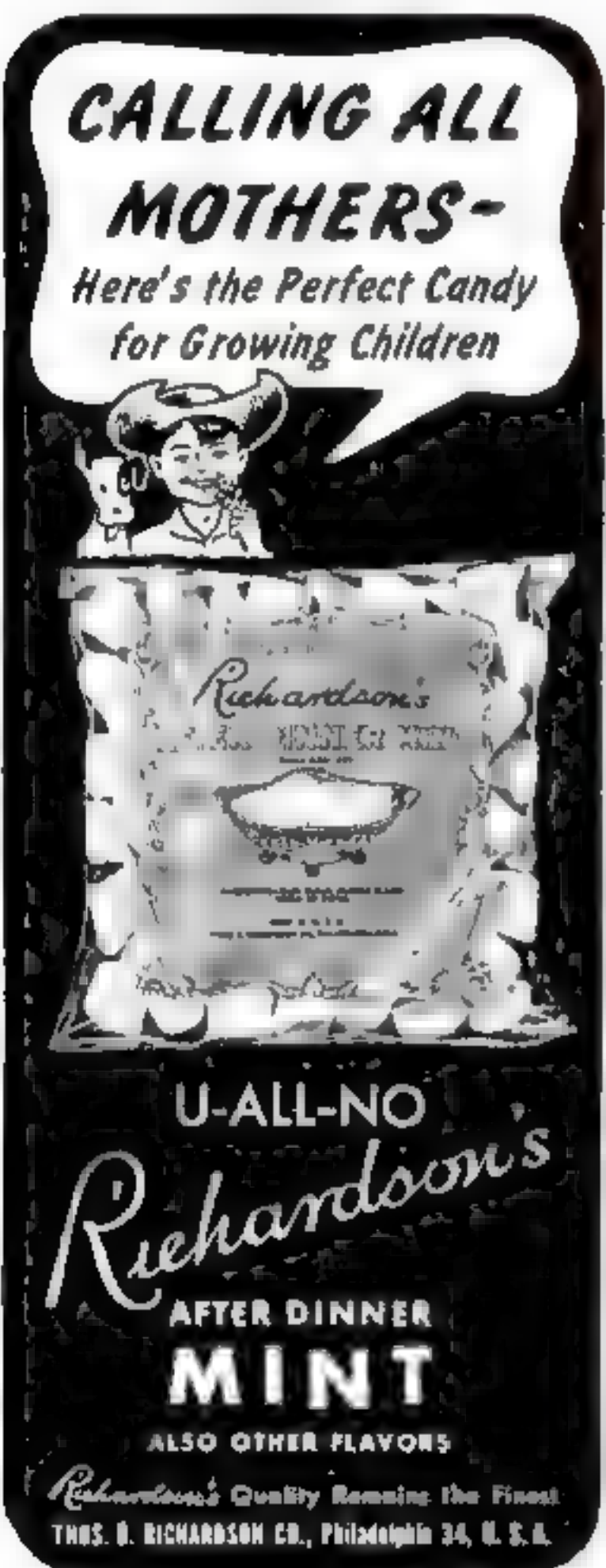
Nesbitt's

CALIFORNIA
ORANGE

MADE
FROM
Real
ORANGES

5¢

CALLING ALL MOTHERS-
Here's the Perfect Candy for Growing Children



Richardson's
U-ALL-NO
Richardson's
AFTER DINNER
MINT
ALSO OTHER FLAVORS

Richardson's Quality Remains the Finest
THOS. B. RICHARDSON CO., Philadelphia 34, U. S. A.



IN OPHELIA'S MAD SCENE with her brother Laertes (Emmett Rogers) she speaks of "rosemary, that's for remembrance . . . pansies . . . violets" while perusing a book of flower prints instead of waving the usual garland of posies.



THE FENCING SCENE, where Hamlet (right) is killed by the poisoned sword of Laertes, is a fine, slam-bang duel for which the actors must keep in training at a gymnasium. Notice trim military uniforms in the background.

MEDICATED FOR
SANDPAPER
THROAT



Throat raw, raspy, due to a cold? Get yourself Luden's and help yourself to quick, soothing relief. Special medicinal ingredients and cooling, comforting menthol help ease sore, tender throat membranes.

LUDEN'S COUGH DROPS



BACK AGAIN! PRECIOUS NAIL FILES

More wonderful than ever before! La Cross precision made implements are once more helping to beautify America's nails. Look for La Cross man cure implements at a fine store.



La Cross

La Cross - For more than a decade America's Finest Manicure Implements

SCHNEPFLER BROS. CORP. 6 820 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 20

Tops for TOUGH BEARDS

Complete DURHAM SHAVE KIT \$2.00

For sale only in U.S.A.

For beards as tough as copper wire, here's the answer to shaving comfort. Kit includes Durham T-type razor, five famous Durham-Duplex heavy-duty hollow-ground blades, a top outfit for economy and smoother shaves every time shave stick and comb. A bargain in deluxe shaving equipment. If dealer can't supply, send \$2 direct.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. L, MYSTIC, CONN.

Skin Sufferers

For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, and other itching troubles, use world-famous, cooling, medicated liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks intense itching speedily. 35¢ trial bottle proves it, or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

revolutionary new **air-wick** kills all cooking odors

it's simple!
nothing to
light ..
non-inflammable
...just pull up
the wick.



PAT. NO. 2,369,672



fish Cook fish to your heart's content. There's no longer any cooking odor... not even in the kitchen. **air-wick*** is a revolutionary new scientific product which kills all unpleasant household odors wherever and whenever they may occur.



onions Onions, too, yield to the sensational power of **air-wick**. And it's so easy to use. Simply uncap the bottle and pull up the wick. That's all there is to it. Nothing to light... nothing to burn... nothing to spray.



cabbage Enjoy a good old-fashioned boiled dinner to your heart's content. Your neighbors will never know... nor will callers arriving immediately after dinner. **air-wick** makes indoor air country-fresh... and keeps it fresh.



fats Use **air-wick** in the kitchen to kill the odors of cooking fats... use it in the bathroom... in musty closets... in smoke-stale living-rooms. **air-wick** contains in activated form miracle-working chlorophyll which freshens the air in gardens. Keep several bottles on hand for use throughout the house. **air-wick** is economical... costs only a cent or so a day.

You will find **air-wick**, the bottle with the magic wick, at drug, grocery, variety, hardware, chain and department stores. Try it now! If your favorite dealer has not yet received his supply, please send us his name and address immediately.
Seeman Brothers, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.



kills stuffy closet odors



freshens nurseries



kills odors of stale smoke



kills cooking odors



kills bathroom odors

why risk offending?

...get **air-wick**

more than 5,000,000 bottles already sold



***air-wick** deodorizer and household freshener is fully protected by U.S. patent. **air-wick** is a trade-mark of Seeman Brothers, Inc., N. Y. 13, N. Y.



*We're starting the
New Year right...*

since our Doctor
advised double-action Phillips'!

**Millions call it the ideal laxative antacid
...so gentle for children...so thorough for grown-ups**

ALL OF US overindulge in eating or drinking now and then. The result is often an excessively acid stomach and the annoying symptoms of heartburn, sour stomach, headachy, upset feeling.

That's the time for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Taken at bedtime with water, Phillips' helps end that restless, fretful feeling. By the time your head hits the pillow, Phillips' relieves the discomforts of acid indigestion. You sleep soundly. And in the morning you wake up refreshed... thanks to this *double-action* of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia:

1. As an acid stomach alkalizer, Phillips' is one of the fastest, most effective known to science.
2. As a laxative, gentle Phillips' can be taken any time without thought of embarrassing urgency... Caution: Use only as directed.

Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in the big economical 50¢ size; contains three times as much as the 25¢ bottle. Be sure you ask for Phillips' Milk of Magnesia by name—never for "milk of magnesia" alone. Genuine Phillips' is also available in easy-to-carry tablet form; 25¢ a box, less than a penny a tablet. Ideal for children; they love its pleasant mint-flavor. Sold at all drug stores. Get Phillips' today.

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
Liquid or Tablets





EVEN MITTENS HAVE GLITTER. THESE, OF VELVET, ARE TRIMMED WITH GOLD KID



GOLD-EMBROIDERED LACE MITT IS LOOPED THROUGH THE THIRD FINGER



CROCHETED HALF MITTS OF WOOL ARE TRIMMED WITH SCROLLS OF GOLD SEQUINS



WOOL GLOVES ARE ADORNED WITH CHARTREUSE AND PURPLE SEQUINS

GLITTER GLOVES

They are bright, fancy, precious
but women will lose them anyway

This winter ladies' gloves are more glittery than they have been since the days of Queen Elizabeth. Four centuries ago ladies' gloves sparkled with diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds and gold. This year ladies' dress gloves are made of bright fabrics and cobwebby lace, ornamented with sequins, jet, gilt thread and many jewels. The jewels, unlike Elizabeth's, are fake.

The return of the glitter glove is part of the

general urge to dress up in showy, extravagant clothes. The gloves shown on these pages cost from \$5 to about \$25 a pair. A short while after getting them, probably half the wearers will have lost one or both of their lovely new gloves. For no accountable reason, women lose more gloves than earrings, bracelets, pocketbooks or any other dress accessory. Unless they mend their ways, they will in 1946 drop and fail to retrieve more than a million gloves.

DESTINATION ALTAR



Perhaps tonight...he'll hold
our hand — soft to his
fingers...smooth under his
touch — and whisper the
words you dreamed about.
Yes, such hands are yours
with Hinds — perhaps to-
night's the night!

Softer Hands in 30 seconds

**IN A NATION-WIDE TEST NEW LANOLIN-ENRICHED HINDS GAVE
A FEELING OF SMOOTHNESS TO ROUGH HANDS IN 95% OF CASES**

FROM coast to coast, housewives, ca-
reer women, and bobby soxers
praised the new Hinds. Miss Lois J.
King, 138 Center Street, West Haven,
Connecticut, said: "I was ashamed of
my housework hands... they felt like a
grater. But quick as a wink the new
Hinds worked a transformation! In 30
seconds they felt smooth and soft. Amazing!" And here's what Miss Kathryn

Lynch, 1107 Loyola Avenue, Chicago,
Illinois, said: "We're for Hinds in our
family—wonderful for hands, knees,
and elbows." Mrs. William Overbeck,
385 Washington Avenue, Oakmont, Pa.,
had this to say about lanolin-enriched
Hinds: "Rich, creamy Hinds certainly
shows results fast—and never feels
sticky. I use it for the children's
chapped skin too."



**Won't you make this 30-second test yourself —
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!**

Please accept with our compliments a generous
trial bottle of the new lanolin-enriched Hinds
along with your purchase of the regular 50¢ size.
Make the test on your own hands. Watch them
change from rough to smooth... in 30 seconds!
If you aren't 100% satisfied, return the large
bottle and get YOUR MONEY BACK! That's
how sure we are that you'll say the new Hinds
is the grandest lotion you've ever used!

Copyright, 1946, by Lohr & Fish Products Corporation, Bloomfield, N.J.

Hinds for Hands

Have Fun...Listen In on "Blind Date"...Friday Nights...American Broadcasting Network

Glitter Gloves CONTINUED



LONG GAUNTLETS AND MATCHING WOOL ASCOT HAVE SEQUINS, PEARLS



THESE HAVE A BLACK-JET BORDER



THESE HAVE A SEQUINED CURLICUE



RING IS SEWED ON LEFT GLOVE



SUEDE HAS A JEWELLED BRACELET

Kitchen Corsage

These are the blossoms that grow into those tender Green Giant Brand Peas

You couldn't buy a bouquet like this in any greenhouse in the world, at any price. These are exclusive blooms from exclusive seeds (S-537) developed by us.

Naturally, however, Green Giant pea blossoms are not grown to wear, nor for their perfume.

Their mission in life is solely to be parents of those tender Green Giant Brand peas.

White blossoms give way to swelling pods. Then "*at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor*" (whether it's daylight or moonlight) the pods are picked and Green Giant Brand peas are packed.

And aren't they sweet?

Exported to: Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Argentina, Uruguay,
Montevideo, Chile, Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Brazil, Costa Rica,
Panama, New Guinea, Korea, Japan, Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii,
Guam, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, American Samoa, Johnston Island.

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The shining freshness of morning sunlight...the healthy rightness of a polished apple are the promise DuBarry Special Cleansing Preparation brings to young skin. Gently and gradually, this meal-like cleanser scrubs off surface cuticle and discovers the radiant new complexion underneath. Yet it agrees with your skin always, thanks to a scientific formula as painstakingly plotted as a manner's chart. Basis of beauty for all ages in the famous DuBarry Success School, this special cleanser is particularly fitted to bridge the time between the last doll and the first love.



DU BARRY

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

by *Richard Hudnut* NEW YORK

Wouldn't you like to know the most effective way to greater
beauty in youth? Then ask at your favorite cosmetic
counter for your free copy of the DuBarry Success-O-Plan

WALL STREET

BULL MARKET GIVES NEW LIFE TO CITADEL OF U.S. CAPITALISM

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY HERBERT GEHR

During 1945 the value of American Airlines stock rose from a low of \$42 a share to a high of more than \$90. In that same time American Power and Light rose from $2\frac{3}{8}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$, Curtis Publishing from 9 to 24, Radio-Keith-Orpheum from 8 to 18. Since April 1942 stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange have risen in value from \$31 billion to \$73 billion, with almost half the rise taking place in 1945. On Dec. 8 the Dow-Jones average broke through the 1937 high. By riding the crest of the second longest bull market in the 20th Century, some speculators have actually run a few thousand dollars into millions.

In wintertime in the thin canyon of Wall Street the sun shines five minutes a day. But this winter the sunny radiance of money-making is brightening the citadel of U. S. capitalism. The Street's bright feeling can be noted in the quickened pace of brokers on their way to work, in big Christmas bonuses, in pink carnations in the lapels of bankers. There is laughter now in the quiet halls of the Wall Street clubs (pp. 82-83) and in the clattering of the Automat. Unlike 1937's abortive market boom, which was a professional boom for the benefit of professionals, this is a boom for everybody. To the consternation of government and stock-market officials, who fear inept speculation more than the plague, bootblacks and barbers and housewives are getting in. Even Smith College girls have formed a corporation to buy stocks. So sensitive has the market become, in fact, to uninformed opinion that last week it dropped three points merely on a Walter Winchell radio warning to look out, "suckers."

But the Wall Street of 1946 is not the Wall Street of old. Like the facades of its buildings (picture at right looks along Wall to old Trinity Church; low structure at left is J. P. Morgan Co.; just beyond is the Stock Exchange building) the Street has grown weathered under the twin afflictions of depression and government control. Today on the Street there are plenty of stories about get-rich-quick speculators like Morris Blumberg and market analysts like Patrick McGinnis, who made fortunes in "special situations," but there are no Morgans, Goulds or Fisks. There are no titans to twist the finances of a nation to their personal will. Nor are there ever likely to be again.

On the next two pages are pictures showing some of the long history of Wall Street. On the pages beyond are some of the men and some of the institutions that are running Wall Street today.



WALL STREET CONTINUED



WALL STREET HISTORY is told in relics. This water main marked the founding of Manhattan Company by Aaron Burr in 1799. Balked by Alexander Hamilton in efforts to found a bank, Burr got a charter to found a water company, turned it into a bank.



JAY GOULD'S ESCAPE is said to have been made through this door in Ye Olde Chop House on Cedar Street. In 1868 Gould helped swindle Cornelius Vanderbilt out of \$7,000,000. When the Commodore tried to have him arrested, Gould ran away to New Jersey.



GEORGE WASHINGTON WORSHIPED in this pew in St. Paul's Chapel in 1789 and 1790 when New York's Wall Street was the political, financial and social capital of the new U. S. St. Paul's is the oldest public building standing on Manhattan.



ANTIQUE RESPECTABILITY of Brown Brothers Harriman, private bank, and one of Wall Street's oldest firms is reflected in partners' room. Left to right: Partners Thatcher M. Brown, Ray Morris, H. D. Pennington, Prescott S. Bush, Thomas McCance, Knight

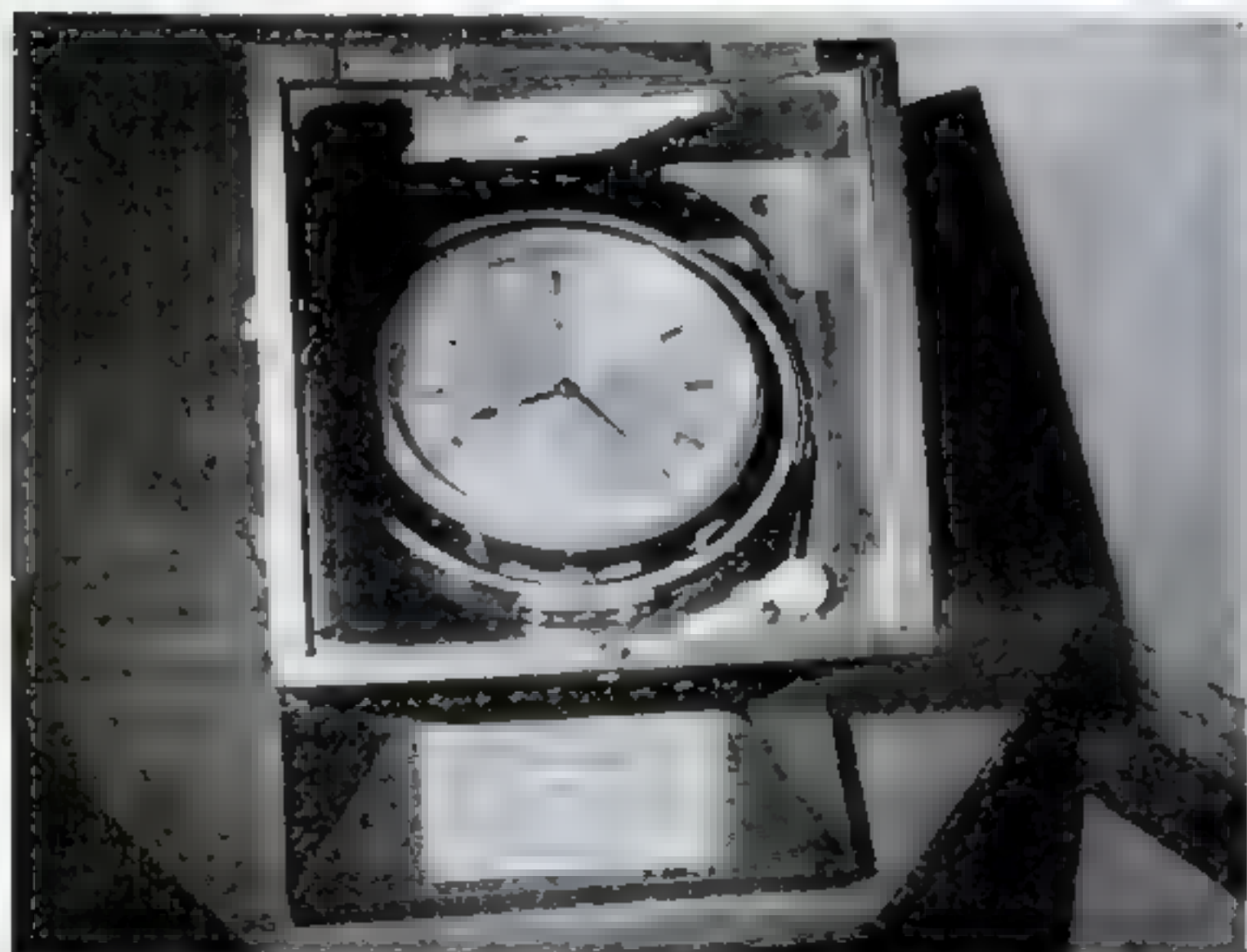


148-YEAR-OLD CLOCK was made by a Connecticut clockmaker for the Bank of New York. The bank, the first in New York, was founded by Alexander Hamilton in 1784. The old clock still stands in the main hall of the bank's new building at 48 Wall St.



Woolley. The picture over fireplace shows the founders (in 1800) of Brown Brothers, which was merged with W. A. Harriman & Co. in 1930. Brown Brothers pioneered in the use of traveler's letter of credit. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte had one and so did P. T.

Barrum when he bought his famous white elephant. Founder of W. A. Harriman & Co. was son of the late Edward Henry Harriman, who built up the Union Pacific and fought the great battle with Jim Hill and J. P. Morgan to control the Northern Pacific.



CHRONOMETER was used to open and close the Stock Exchange every day from 1835 to 1938. It was finally replaced by electric clocks because the Exchange one day opened one minute late. As a result inquiries poured in by wire from all over country.



PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, founder of Bank of New York, hangs in the office of chairman of board. It was painted by James Sharples, sent to Talleyrand. After Hamilton's death, either the original or a copy (nobody knows) was returned.



GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY'S top men are (left to right) William C. Potter, W. Peden Conway, Eugene W. Stetson, J. Luther Cleveland. There is the country's fourth largest bank, with total resources last

June of \$1 billion. It specializes in big accounts. Among its clients are railroads, steel companies, Coca-Cola, General Electric and A & P. Like all big Wall Street banks, its business and its influence extend around world.



NATIONAL CITY BANK'S top men are (left to right, above) William G. Brady Jr., Gordon Bentschler, Randolph Burgess. There is third biggest U. S. bank. It specializes in foreign business and in personal loans. It

has 750,000 accounts. Below: Chemical Bank and Trust Company's top men are (left to right) Percy H. Johnston, N. Baxter Jackson, Frank K. Houston. Brass mortars and pestles for mixing chemicals are symbols of this bank.



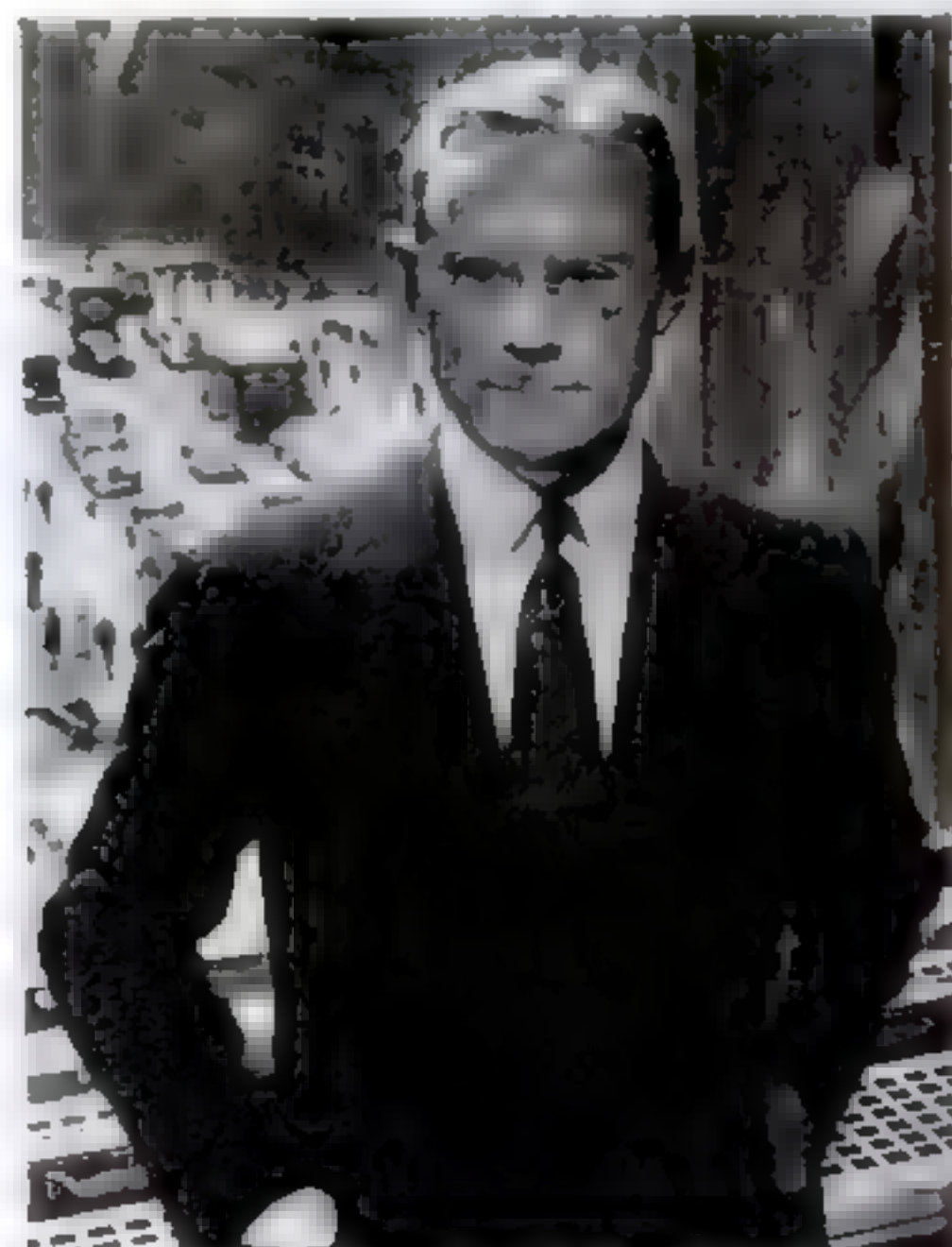
WALL STREET CONTINUED

BANKERS REFLECT FINANCIAL CENTER'S NEW CONSERVATISM

On Wall Street there are two principal kinds of bankers: commercial bankers and investment bankers. The commercial banks, such as Chase and National City, make loans, accept deposits, finance foreign credits, buy government and state bonds. They also usually have a trust department which executes wills and acts as trustee. The investment bankers, such as Morgan Stanley and Kuhn, Loeb, underwrite and distribute new security issues for corporations. They also usually have a brokerage department which buys and sells securities.

The Banking Act of 1933 made it illegal for one firm to act both as a commercial bank and investment banking house. Until then, the two were often combined. In his triumphant days J. P. Morgan, a banker, merged railroads and steel companies into nationwide corporations. In the 1920s Wall Street made idols of men like Charles Macmillan, chairman of National City Bank, who was also the greatest securities salesman in history and an action near market manipulator. The 1929 crash exposed the dangers of these dual functions. With one kind banks were taking deposits. With the other they were financing new securities. When the businesses they were promoting failed, the depositors, security holders and the bank itself were in trouble.

Today the very nature of Wall Street thinkers has changed. In place of the speculators and market manipulators there are sound, deliberate investors who by choice as well as by law are more interested in government bonds than in a flit in the market. Their conservatism is reflected in their clothes, often imported from England, and in their offices, simple, high-ceilinged, fireplaced and deep in rugs. The pictures here show some of the most important.



BANKER'S TRUST president is S. Swan Colt. His bank is the ninth largest in the country. Founded by Henry P. Davidson and Morgan interests, it was originally a bankers' bank. It serves big businesses with term loans.



CHASE NATIONAL BANK'S top men are H. Donald Campbell (*standing*), president, and Winthrop W. Aldrich (*seated*), board chairman. This picture was taken in Aldrich's Georgian-style office. The portrait of Alex-

ander Hamilton and the little pictures are of two of Aldrich's daughters. Chase run neck and neck for position of largest U. S. bank with Bank of America in California which is not a Wall Street bank and specializes in

small depositors. Chase is decidedly the most influential bank in the U. S. and Aldrich is the most important banker. It holds big accounts of oil, utility companies. Aldrich's sister is married to John D. Rockefeller Jr.



THREE PARTNERS OF KUHN, LOEB & CO. ARE ELISHA WALKER, JOHN M. SCHIFF (GREAT-GRANDSON OF A FOUNDER) AND GEORGE BOVENIZER

UNDERWRITERS INHERIT TRADITIONS OF THE GREAT DAYS

The traditional place for the big American corporations to get money is from the Wall Street investment bankers. They are the inheritors of the traditions of Morgan, Vanderbilt and Edward Harriman. The house of Morgan Stanley, for instance, is the beneficiary of J. P. Morgan's investment business, bequeathed under the terms of the 1933 Banking Act when Morgan & Co. decided to remain a private commercial bank and therefore had to let its investment-banking business go.

Like all of Wall Street, the investment bankers

are doing good business. Underwriting volume in 1945 was more than \$5 billion, almost twice what it was in 1944 and five times what it was in 1942. Yet today they hardly rank with the bankers of other years in their impact on U. S. economy. Much capital is being provided by large reserves accumulated by the corporations themselves. Such financing naturally by-passes the Wall Street houses. Even of the total underwriting volume, investment bankers are getting a smaller share. Government financing of corporations through RFC and other agencies

was \$400,000,000 in 1945. There has been a considerable increase in private placement whereby large corporations have been selling new securities direct to large buyers like insurance companies without benefit of the middlemen underwriters.

The profits of investment bankers have further been reduced by the rise of competition among them. For years each issuing corporation had one special underwriter with whom it did business. Now the underwriting firms often bid competitively among each other for the new issues of the corporations.



FERDINAND EDERSTADT has underwritten securities for Emerson Radio, Kreml Har Tone, and many chemical companies. He was the vice chairman of WPB (1912-13).



GAYER DOMINICK, senior partner of Dominick & Dominick, is more broker than underwriter. His firm, always controlled by Dominicks, was 75 years old last year.



ALFRED R. MEYER, partner of Hornblower & Weeks, is also primarily a broker. The most active underwriting houses are Halsey, Stuart; Morgan Stanley; First Boston.



SIDNEY WEINBERG, senior partner of Goldman Sachs, was assistant to the chairman of WPB for a year and a half. A Wall Street liberal, he was a friend of Roosevelt.



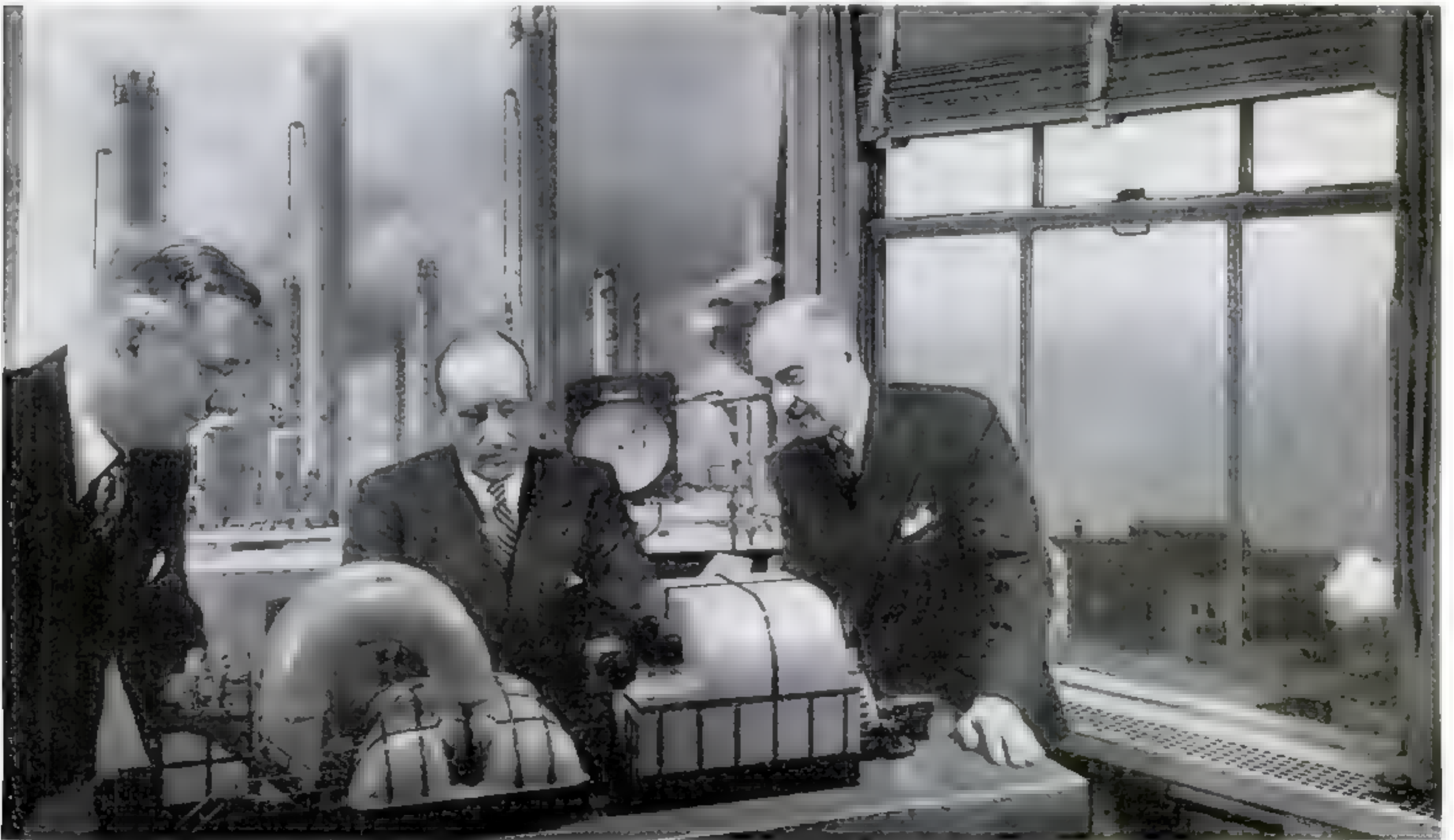
INSURANCE MEN like Hendon Chubb, senior partner of Chubb & Son, are used by Wall Street to insure collateral if it happens to be combustible or portable and to insure against transit loss. For instance, the Chase National Bank might lend a Fifth Avenue department store \$500,000 to pay for

a shipment of English tweed. Then Chubb & Son, through its maritime insurance department, might insure the tweed's safe arrival in the port of New York. Insurance companies are also largest single group of buyers of conservative bond issues floated by investment bankers. This picture was taken at India House, a Wall Street private club.



LAWYERS are employed to guide underwriters and brokers through the maze of legal requirements connected with the issuance of new securities. These requirements have become prodigious since the SEC ordered the publication of all "material facts" bearing on the status of an issuing company. Underwriters, not the

corporations, are legally liable for false or misleading statements in such a prospectus. Here Partners Richard Storrs and Eustace Seligman of Sullivan & Cromwell, huge "law factory" of Wall Street, work over a new stock prospectus. In the foreground are ones already written. Lawyers are paid as much as \$100,000 for an important prospectus.



ENGINEERS are consulted when underwriters and bankers need expert appraisals of companies which want to issue new securities. Such appraisals may be concerned with manufacturing facilities, rates, construction work, taxes, insurance and accounting. The engineers reduce the hazards of underwriters'

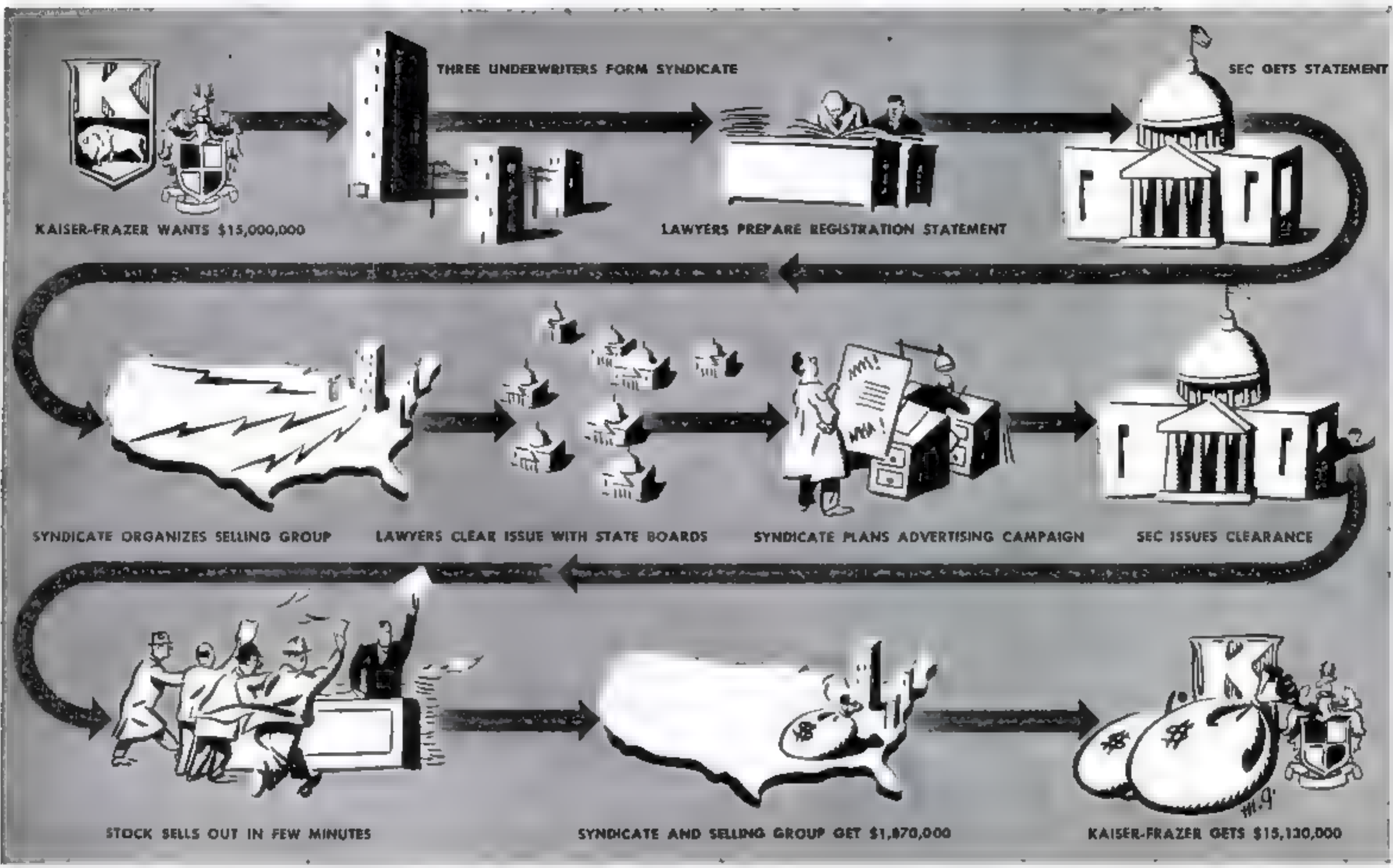
getting stuck on technical grounds, making sure assets are really assets. Here (left to right) R. T. Branch, Whitney Stone and J. R. Lotz, top Stone & Webster executives, look over a model of a turbogenerator in their offices. Through the large window at right can be seen part of New York's Upper Bay, several ships and the Statue of Liberty.



NATIONAL CITY boasts that its main banking floor (above) is "the city block that covers the world." A whole block long, it seats officers who supervise banking business throughout the U.S. and in 17 foreign countries.

The present building, completed more than 100 years ago after the Great Fire of 1835 destroyed its predecessor, served as a government customhouse until its purchase in 1899 by the National City Bank. Renovation in 1907

gave the banking room the general architectural lines of the Pantheon in Rome. To such banks come underwriters to borrow money to meet obligations in deals like the Kaiser Frazer stock issue described on the opposite page.



HOW TO RAISE \$15,000,000 is shown by this diagram. To finance their new automobile company, Kaiser-Frazer went first to Otis & Co., underwriters. Otis agreed to form a syndicate with Allen & Company and the First

California Company to buy all 1,700,000 shares of common stock for a little more than \$15,000,000. After clearing with SEC, underwriting syndicate sold the 1,700,000 shares to the general public through a nationwide group

of dealers. The price of \$10 a share grossed \$17,000,000. The difference between that and \$15,130,000, which they paid Kaiser-Frazer, was the underwriters' profit. Out of it they had to pay sellers' commissions and expenses.

SYNDICATES FLOAT NEW SECURITIES

Last summer Henry Kaiser and Joseph Frazer, having decided to organize a new automobile company, set out to raise \$15,000,000. The diagram above explains how they did it by floating a new stock issue through an underwriting syndicate headed by Otis & Co. On the day the stock was put on sale at \$10 a share, the entire issue was sold out within a few minutes. Within 48 hours the price on over-the-counter markets had jumped to \$14 and by last week it was above \$15. The deal was satisfactory both to Kaiser-Frazer, who got their money, and to the underwriting syndicate, who got \$1,870,000 less their expenses.

Usually underwriters do not handle stock for new businesses, as they did in this case. Once having agreed to buy a new issue at a specific price, the underwriting syndicate is obliged to deliver that amount of money to the issuing corporation. If it cannot sell the securities to the public at a profit, it will get stuck. Accordingly, underwriters usually handle issues only of "going concerns" in which the public has trust and from which it will quickly take new security issues. Furthermore, investment bankers try as far as possible to see that the price of the securities which they have floated is maintained in the open market. This is difficult enough to do with the established companies, let alone new ones.



AT A "CLOSING" of an underwriting deal, Morgan Stanley & Co., representing a syndicate of 40 underwriters, is giving checks for \$65,000,000 to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Co. in return for delivery

of a new issue of bonds. The Morgan Stanley partners present (first two men on left side of table) are Perry E. Hall and A. Northey Jones. Their company is just about the most influential underwriting firm on Wall Street.



IN CUSTOMERS' ROOM of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, brokers known as "the herd" because

they are so big, Archibald Harris uses binoculars to scan quotation board. There the latest market sales are listed.

EXCHANGE IS A BIG MARKET PLACE

The New York Stock Exchange is a market place where the securities of 1,118 companies are freely bought and freely sold. It is the most important market in the world, with listed securities valued at more than \$201,886,134,000 and total transactions for the first 11 months of last year of \$13,624,359,465. It is also an association of 1,375 member brokers whose seats on the Exchange have ranged recently in price from \$625,000 (1929) to \$17,000 (1942). Today the price is \$95,000. Only members are allowed to buy and sell there.

Suppose a George Brown of Omaha, Neb. wants to sell 100 shares of General Motors. He phones or stops in at the Omaha office of a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange and asks for a quote on General Motors. A clerk calls the firm's New York office on a direct line. In New York another clerk calls the quotation department of the Stock Exchange, which is in continuous contact with "bid and ask" prices on the Exchange floor. The quotation clerk's answer is, "70- $\frac{3}{4}$."

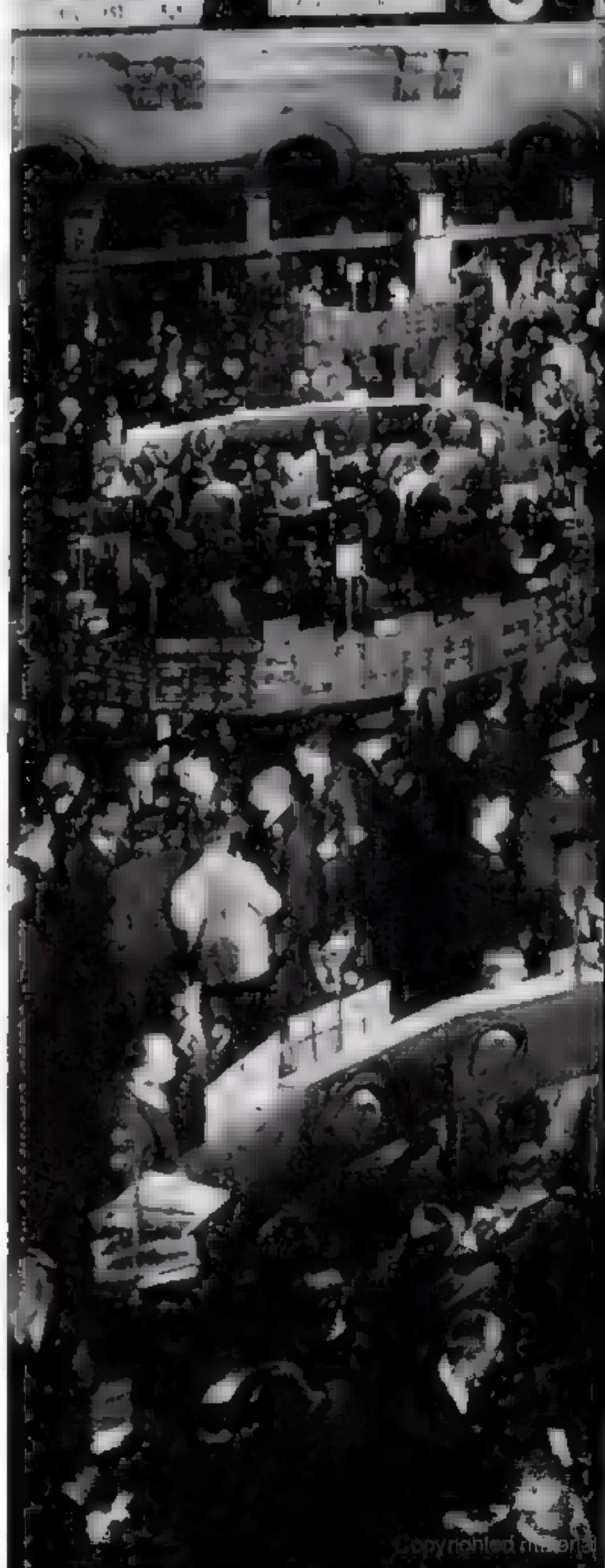
Mr. Brown knows that 70- $\frac{3}{4}$ means that someone wants to buy at 70 (bid) and somebody else wants to sell at 70 $\frac{3}{4}$ (ask). Satisfied that he can sell within this price range, he orders 100 shares sold "at the market." The order is sent to a telephone clerk on the Stock Exchange floor. The clerk puts up the number of his firm's floor member on the big annunciator board (top right in picture at right). Seeing his number posted, the member walks over to the telephone booth, gets the order and hurries to Post 4 on the trading floor, where General Motors stock is traded.

At Post 4 the broker asks, "How's General Motors?" A member answers, "70- $\frac{3}{4}$." Then another broker arrives with an order to buy 100 shares of General Motors "at the market." The new broker, speaking clearly, bids 70 $\frac{3}{4}$ for 100 shares. Brown's broker says, "Sold." The transaction is recorded on the ticker tape.

This is the simplest form of stock-market trans-

action. But there are others. Mr. Brown might have wanted to sell 15 shares instead of 100. In that case the regular broker would have been unable to act for him because transactions on the Exchange are mostly in 100-share units. His broker then would turn over Mr. Brown's order to an "odd-lot" dealer who handles deals of less than 100 shares. Or Mr. Brown might have given an order to sell General Motors "at 71" instead of "at the market." In that case his regular broker would not have had the time to stand around Post 4 waiting until General Motors went to 71. So instead of waiting he would hand the order to a "specialist," who deals only in a specific security at a single post. The General Motors specialist would write down the order in a notebook and execute it when the stock reached 71. If it did not reach that figure, the order would go unfilled.

Through many booms and depressions the Stock Exchange operated its market this way—mostly independent of government regulation. Then in 1934 the Roosevelt administration stepped in. Today, through the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Federal Reserve Board, the government exerts a profound influence. Basically it tries to prevent unfair practices and ruinous speculation. It outlawed "pools" whereby a few powerful men to their own advantage artificially pushed the value of a stock up or down. This was the method of the Goulds, Fisks and Dreads after the Civil War and of the big speculators like Durant, Cutten and Meehan during the '20s. In addition, the government raised "margin" requirements (i.e., cash percentage of total cost of stock which a security buyer must deposit with his broker toward the purchase price) until they are now 75% in stocks selling over \$10. For stocks selling under \$10 the Stock Exchange requires full payment. In the '20s stocks were often bought on as little as a 10% to 20% margin and the present requirements are designed to prevent disastrous speculation on today's rising market.





BROKERS MILL ABOUT TRADING POSTS
ON FLOOR OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE



STOCK EXCHANGE GOVERNORS MEET

Here, bordered by portraits of former presidents of the Exchange, under a glass ceiling and on a rust-red carpet, the board of governors of the Stock Exchange holds its regular meetings. Along with the SEC, it is the job of the board to police the trading floor. Presiding here is John A. Coleman, chairman of the board of governors. At the far right in first

row is Emil Schram, president of the Exchange, who gets \$100,000 a year as full-time boss.

The Stock Exchange is by no means the only market place on Wall Street. A great volume of securities is also traded on the Curb Exchange and in over-the-counter markets. Together all such markets, operating in a free economy, establish



values and facilitate exchange by auction of new and old securities. But, despite the importance of other exchanges, it is the Stock Exchange which is the symbol of Wall Street. It was the Stock Exchange that got the blackest eye in the depression and it was the Stock Exchange's president, Richard Whitney, who went to jail for fraudulent market

deals. That is the reputation which the board of governors has been trying to live down ever since.

Because of the effectiveness of Wall Street's policemen, stock rigging is difficult today. But smart operators still find market opportunities. Recently much of their money was on railroad bonds. Excessively devalued during the depression, railroad

bonds made only a halting recovery until speculators, attracted by the bargain prices, began buying them in big quantities. A man who put \$25,000 on margin into "when issued" Chicago and North Western preferred in 1940 would have been worth about \$1,500,000 by the end of 1941. Although it looked like the SEC could find no artificial stimulation,



A PRIVATE DINING ROOM of the Bankers Trust Co. is scene for this lunch of (left to right) Eduardo Villaseñor, director general of the Bank of Mexico; B. A.

Tompkins, vice president of Bankers Trust, and Paul Shields, senior partner of Shields & Co., investment bankers who have financed developments throughout Mexico.

WHERE A MAN EATS IS SIGNIFICANT

Wall Streeters who want to know how a man is doing watch where he eats lunch. If he totes a tray in a New Street cafeteria, he is at the very bottom. If he eats at modest establishments like Schwartz's Restaurant or George's, he is making headway. If he goes to Oscar's Old Delmonico or Whyte's or Fraunces Tavern (*opposite page*), he has arrived. He is at the top, in the company of the men shown in this story, when he can also eat in a private dining room at his office (*left*) or in one of the exclusive, expensive Wall Street clubs (*below*).

Some of the clubs have curious names—City Midway, Recess and India House (*p. 71*). Their yearly dues average about \$150, their daily lunch about \$1.50. The food is about the equivalent of that of a good restaurant. Some clubs are flashy and new. Others take pride in a down-at-the-heels shabbiness. At the top of the social scale is the Down Town Association. Members there have put up their sons' names before they were out of college. Prospective members often spend seven or eight years on the waiting list for the privilege of paying an approximate \$300 initiation fee. After lunch older members, wearing gaiters, sit around with their hats on, smoking long cigarettes and saying very little to each other.



THE WALL STREET CLUB, founded in 1931, is on the 26th and 27th floors of 40 Wall St. In the lounge

(above) members can talk, read, smoke and go to sleep in big, comfortable chairs. Dues are \$200 a year, mem-

bership 400. In such clubs much of Wall Street's business is carried on over the lunch table or in the lounge.



MR. BLAINE, PRESIDENT OF MARINE
MIDLAND TRUST HANDS HIS COAT TO A
DRESSED ATTENDANT AT FRAUNCES TAVERN



Troops off the Queen Mary getting their first taste of home

"Bro-ther, it must rain milk back here!"

It's midnight, and the huge troopship has just eased into harbor. Beside the gang-plank, a swing band plays. Spotlights pick out banners; crowds pack the pier railings. And right up front with the "welcome committee" are truckloads of *milk*.

Hardly does a soldier thump his barracks bag down on the dock before he dives for an ice-cold carton of milk. When a whole division lands at once, it takes about 35,000 half-pint containers to satisfy their thirst!

These men have a hefty craving for fresh milk to "catch up with." That's why it flows so freely at home-coming receptions, at processing centers, and at hospitals, too, where

one recreation worker claims it outranks blondes in popularity!

Out of service, it's more than likely this army-fostered appetite for milk, ice cream and other dairy products will carry into civilian life. A good point to remember, for the cook who takes over from Uncle Sam.

And while you fill your ex-fighter's order for these favorite foods, National Dairy continues its effort to safeguard their purity and improve their quality. Our laboratories—incubator of many important wartime developments—continue to find *new* ways in which milk—"nature's most nearly perfect food"—can contribute to the nation's health.

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NATIONAL DAIRY
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AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES



STURGES DIRECTS HAROLD LLOYD AND FRANCES RAMSDEN IN "THE SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK" FROM HIS HABITUAL RECLINING POSITION IN FRONT OF CAMERA

PRESTON STURGES

BRILLIANT PRODUCER OF ECCENTRIC MOVIE COMEDIES HAS LED AN ECCENTRIC, IMPLAUSIBLE LIFE

by NOEL F. BUSCH

Preston Sturges, the celebrated Hollywood writer-director-producer, is a descendant of Brian Boru, the last great king of Ireland, and his mother was born with a caul, but it would be rash to assume that these circumstances alone explain his unusual character and career. Many other factors also affected them, including the red silk scarf which Isadora Duncan was wearing at the time of her death; the court physician to the sultan of Turkey; a kissproof lip

rouge which Sturges invented in 1919; ping-pong; a book entitled *How Never To Be Tired*, and a suit of clothes which he had made for him by a tailor in Chicago.

The suit of clothes was the indirect cause of a ruptured appendix, which immobilized Sturges for several weeks in 1928, thus causing him to take up the profession of playwright, at the age of 29. From writing plays, Sturges progressed, in the uneven fashion which seems to char-

acterize most of his actions, to writing movies and then to directing and producing them as well.

Among the pictures which Sturges has written and directed are *The Great McGinty*, *Christmas in July*, *The Lady Eve*, *Sullivan's Travels* and *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*. These, all admired by critics and well patronized by the public, have made him one of the most controversial figures in Hollywood and given him a

special niche in the history of the movies, owing to his unique method of making them.

Most pictures are written and rewritten by from two to two dozen writers. Their work is then interpreted by from one to six directors, who also explain their interpretation to the actors. The interpretations of the directors and actors are in turn subject to ultimate correction by an indeterminate number of producers.

Sturges' method is the opposite. As producer, he never hires any director but himself. As director, he never changes any of the author's ideas. As author, he never writes anything that the director or producer will not approve of, highly. Being singularly free from indecision, he holds few conferences with himself in his various capacities. The result is that whatever his pictures may lack in the smooth neoclassicism which characterizes other Hollywood products, they supply in unanimity of purpose which is perhaps a more cardinal virtue.

His methods puzzled Hollywood

The Sturges system of movie manufacture was by no means an overnight development. In a brief, unpublished autobiography, entitled *Some Events Leading Up to My Death*, Sturges himself has set down an informative and poignant account of the pangs attending its birth, soon after his arrival in Hollywood in 1932.

"I wrote a screenplay on, as it is known to the trade, my own time. I felt that proceeding sans producer, sans director and sans teammates gave me an opportunity to show how I thought it should be done, to wage a sort of one-man battle against conditions I found repellent. The venture was enormously successful. It was called *The Power and the Glory*. It received excellent reviews, it revived Mr. Spencer Tracy and helped to launch him on his spectacular career, it won me the medal for the best original story of the year, it got a raft of publicity, it placed my name in the advertisements in the same size as that of the director and it made me a host of enemies. The directors said, 'Who is this bum who is getting his name the same size as ours?' The producers said, 'This sets a very bad precedent; you give these bums an inch and they'll want their names up in lights.' The studio heads thundered, 'What is this nonsense about giving writers a percentage of the gross which shakes the very foundation of the industry?' The trade press squawked, 'What is this piffle of shooting a picture by a single writer when we used to get "thank you ads" from six or eight of them?' And the writers, yes, even my brethren who had voted me the medal, viewed with alarm the whittling down of jobs that would ensue if only one writer, God forbid, worked on each script. I was as popular as a polecat but, with all that money in the bank, as independent. I thought I had found the system.

"I immediately sat down and wrote another shooting script. It was easily as good as the first and, subsequently, became much better known. I thought it would take me about two days to sell it. It took me seven years.

"They said, 'No, no, Mr. Sturgeon, you

fooled us once but not twice. You'll do your writing just like everybody else does. From some good original story written by another guy, which we will discard later, you will write a rough treatment and then a smooth treatment and then if we like what you've done, maybe we'll let you write the first rough screenplay and maybe we won't.'"

Before Sturges arrived in Hollywood he had been famous as the author of the play *Strictly Dishonorable*, one of the two or three biggest hits of its decade, and as the husband of Eleanor



AT 4, HE WAS DEVOTED TO HIS MUCH-MARRIED MOTHER

Hutton, step-cousin of Barbara and also extremely well-to-do. By 1932, however, having spent the \$300,000 profits of his play, he was completely broke. Already accustomed to violent oscillations in his personal fortunes, he did not allow Hollywood's allergy to his ideas about picture manufacture to prevent him from recouping. Starting at a beginner's salary of \$1,000 a week, he speedily worked up to a competence of \$2,500, and, despite the grim experience which he recounts, finally succeeded in getting Paramount to let him direct his own works, with a minimum of "front office" interference. In 1944 Sturges quit Paramount to form with the fabulously wealthy Howard Hughes a partnership called California Pictures Corporation, for which he is presently making his first picture, *The Sin of Harold Diddlebock*, starring Harold Lloyd.

California Pictures is a corporate freak of the first order. Hughes, the nephew of Sturges' friend, Novelist Rupert Hughes, is a mildly eccentric young man who inherited one fortune and made several more by the time he was 30, then devoted himself to aeronautics and spent the war years designing planes. When he proposed financing Sturges' movies, his lawyers

were worried because they knew Sturges for an even more eccentric young man who had let two fortunes slip through his fingers. Since Hughes is a little deaf and Sturges is a fast talker, they envisioned trouble. So did Sturges' lawyers, who felt that Hughes's executive influence or his acquisitive habits might put a damper on Sturges' creative urges.

For eight months the lawyers of both parties tried to work out an airtight scheme whereby neither young man could defraud or inconvenience the other, but with no success. Finally Hughes and Sturges decided to form their company anyway, with no paper work whatever. As it stands at present, Sturges has no contract with California Pictures Corporation but owns 75% of it. Hughes, in turn, has no formal obligation to put up money for it but does so anyway, in return for an option to buy a controlling block of its stock in case he wants it. When his movie company started, Hughes made it clear that his other interests would prevent him from paying any attention to its activities. So far he has got little out of it except some old clothes.

Sturges gives away old clothes

Sturges, himself one of the world's worst-dressed men, is horrified by the appearance of Hughes, whose clothes are even sloppier. When Hughes came to his house for one of their rare conferences, he gave him a ragged tweed coat. His partner wore it for six months so constantly that, at the time of their next conference, Sturges felt obliged to take it away. Having no more coats except the one he was wearing, Sturges replaced it with a worn suede jacket.

Hughes is grateful for such handouts. Beyond sartorial charity, all he has derived from the company to date is a chance to read part of the script of *The Sin of Harold Diddlebock*, which he had to stop on the tenth page because it hurt him to laugh.

The Sin of Harold Diddlebock, now in production, has cost California Pictures more than a million dollars and will cost as much again before it is released next summer. Sturges gets a salary of \$2,500 a week, plus a fat slice of the profits.

In setting himself up in the unique category of writer-director-producer, Sturges did more than improve his own finances and the quality of pictures written by himself. He also blazed a trail for his colleagues. Movie writers, as Sturges suggests, used to be regarded in Hollywood as a species of subhuman drone. Their efforts, while monetarily well rewarded, were condemned by the very people who profited the most from them, namely producers.

By the simple step of becoming a producer himself, Sturges proved that not only he but also other writers were quite capable of reaching the top rung in the Hollywood hierarchy. Many other writers—encouraged, to be sure, by income-tax laws—have now followed his example by forming their own companies. He is, therefore, in a sense the Lenin of a capsule upper-bracket industrial revolution.

Sturges does not take a serious view of his status as the spear-head of a new trend in pic-

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DICK: Aw, it must be a dream . . . But it feels like a pair—it is a pair of—Hey, Debby! Two new sheets!

DEB: Yes, sir. Two for you, two for me—and they're Pepperell Sheets. Now we can buy nearly all we need!

DICK: Gosh . . . You're so good to me!




DEB: I was good to both of us when I went into that store, said "Pepperells please"—and got 'em. Remember the first ones we bought? They're still lovely, after five years' wear! How's *that* for a reference?

DICK: Sugar, I'd be glad to give you a reference, any day—

DEB: Darling, we're discussing sheets—not me. Pepperell Sheets . . . because Pepperell makes the sheet we want, at the price we want to pay! There's Pepperell's Peeress—one of the finest combed percales you can buy at any price, Pepperell's carded percales, luxury muslins. Soon there'll be sheets in "decorator colors," too!

DICK: Yes'm. And now, honey, if you'll get around to that last word—

DEB: Well, if you mean the very last word in sheets, it's . . . Pepperell! I *always* ask for Pepperells in the stores, because:

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STURGES MOVIES are notable for strange and picaresque slapstick. Above: Joel McCrea slakes his thirst from an oilcan in *Sullivan's Travels*; Diana Lynn,

William Demarest, Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken scuffle in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*; Rudy Vallee grapples with Claudette Colbert's foot in *The Palm Beach Story*.

PRESTON STURGES CONTINUED

ture making. On the contrary, he thinks of himself merely as "a modern American humorist working in film." According to Sturges, storytellers owe it to themselves to select the best available medium in which to tell their stories. Just as it would have been unreasonable for writers not to have utilized the printing press in the 15th Century, it would be unreasonable for them not to utilize the screen in the 20th. He regards directing and producing as other writers regard keys on a typewriter or as musicians regard stops on an organ, but in appropriating the functions of director and producer as well as writer, he has shown his modernity by making a thorough study of both the financial and the technical aspects of movie manufacture. Here again, his highly variegated past stood him in good stead, since in it he had acquired little formal schooling but mastered half a dozen arts and trades and had run a business singlehanded by the time he was 16.

Sturges' pictures are usually raffish, satiric comedies which, like the comedies of Molière, disguise some grain of commonsense morality in a succession of unexpected and usually funny situations. Critics have sometimes objected on the grounds that they are overdramatic and implausible. If true, this may be because Sturges has occasionally been guilty of plagiarizing his own career or that of his relatives. Such borrowing has been restrained, or else his pictures would be wholly unbelievable. The story of Sturges' childhood and upbringing is an entirely fantastic tissue of coincidence, cross-purposes and commotion whose only claim to credibility is that no one in his right mind could invent such a thing.

At the time of Sturges' birth, his mother, who claimed descent not only from Brian Boru but also from the famous d'Este family of Florence, was established in incongruously modest circumstances in the Irish district of Chicago where she had been brought up under the name of Mary Dempsey and where she had married a traveling salesman named Edmund Biden. Her marriage to Biden, Sturges' father, was her second, but it lasted scarcely longer than her first, which had been promptly annulled. Her third was to a prosperous Chicago broker named Solomon Sturges who adopted her infant son and had his name changed legally. Solomon Sturges had family connections less august but more substantial than his wife's. They included

a grandfather who had built the first grain elevator in Chicago and a cousin named Kate Buckingham who had further embellished the town with a fountain, a statue and a section of the Chicago Art Institute.

His peregrinations started at the age of 8

When Preston was 8, Mrs. Sturges, prompted by a newly acquired taste for Continental living and a horror of her husband's habit of wiggling one foot while he read the evening paper, announced her intention of leaving for Paris. This posed the question of what to do with Preston Sturges, who was offered his choice of domicile. When he chose to stay with his father, Sturges Sr. felt obliged to admit that he was in fact only a foster parent. Greatly chagrined, Preston accompanied his mother. While waiting in the Wolcott Hotel in New York for their ship, they received a wire saying that Solomon Sturges had been seriously injured in an auto accident. They returned to Chicago where Mrs. Sturges nursed him to convalescence and whence she took him along with her to Paris. Here for two years the family remained precariously united until Mr. Sturges' health permitted him to consummate their estrangement by divorce. Mrs. Sturges then married Vely Bey, the son of the sultan of Turkey's court physician, Elias Pasha. Vely Bey had received a good education from a tutor named Basil Zaharoff who later became the world's top munitions maker. He had also received from his father a mysterious formula for antiwrinkle paste. He and his wife formed a company to market this product. The company was a vast success and presently expanded into allied lines, under the name of the Maison Desti, with branches in New York, Paris, London and Deauville.

Satisfaction at the success of the cosmetic and perfume company was increased for Mrs. Bey in that it enabled her to further her plans for her son. These were to make of him a genius. While dashing about Europe to open branches of the company, Mrs. Bey saw to it that her son heard every concert and tramped through every museum they encountered on their travels. The Beys' acquaintances included everybody of any note in the prewar international Bohemia, from Isadora Duncan, who was Mrs. Bey's best friend, to cardsharps on the transatlantic liners. When not traveling with his mother, young Preston went to various European schools

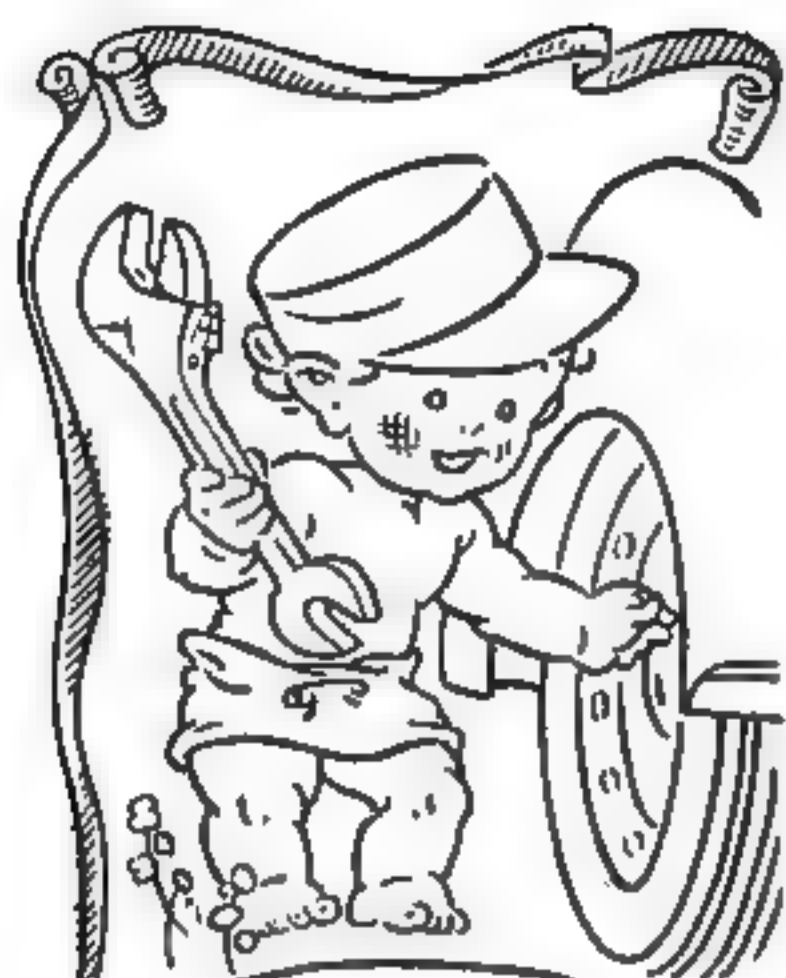
until he was 16. At this time he was entrusted with the management of the Deauville branch of the Desti Company, next door to Ciro's nightclub where he took his meals and over which he had a bachelor apartment.

The Deauville shop was an apprenticeship for bigger things. At the outbreak of World War I, Preston Sturges was shipped back to New York where he became assistant stage manager of the Isadora Duncan production of *Oedipus Rex*, starring her brother Augustin. His mother visited New York shortly thereafter but soon departed again, leaving her business to her son and the Turk. Preston Sturges and his foster-foster-father had a run-in. When it ended, Vely Bey had gone to Mexico and Preston Sturges had taken over the New York branch, on Ninth Street, living in a flea and bedbug trap across the street. His major contribution to the cosmetics industry was the kissproof lip rouge which, with vanishing instead of cold cream as a base, was successful and helped keep the Desti firm alive for a decade.

During his early Greenwich Village period Sturges was often financially embarrassed. A certain Mr. Rothschild, who made boxes for the perfume, took an interest in him and not only gave him credit but even offered to help him open a bank account. Sturges replied, correctly, that he had just opened one, with J. P. Morgan & Co. His mother, just then whizzing around Germany with some of Isadora Duncan's dancers, had met Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, got her to give a \$10,000 credit on the Desti business and had cabled \$2,000 of this to her boy, via Morgan, Harjes & Co. J. P. Morgan's first wife had been a Sturges. The old banker offered to keep his supposed distant cousin's account for sentimental reasons although most of Morgan's other carefully chosen depositors had balances ranging from \$1,000,000 upward and rarely used them for household checking purposes.

Signs of Sturges genius appeared very gradually

After World War I, during which he served in the air corps, Sturges rejoined his mother, who by this time had divorced her Turk and married an Englishman named Perch. Sturges' upbringing as a genius had implanted in him the seeds of his later accomplishments but it had also given him a horror of culture in all forms. For the next several years he devoted



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PRESTON STURGES CONTINUED

himself diligently to the cosmetic business in New York, with no good results whatever. When, broke as usual in 1927, he went to see his foster father in Chicago, Solomon Sturges was so disgusted by his son's appearance that he told him to go to his tailor and order a new suit. Sturges, though afflicted by a severe stomach ache, seized the opportunity on Christmas Eve. By the time the tailor was through measuring him, his appendix had burst. During the long convalescence that inevitably resulted, he started writing his first play, which set the pattern for his life thereafter.

The play Sturges wrote while recuperating from appendicitis was called *The Guinea Pig*. It was produced in Provincetown, Mass. and then by Sturges himself in New York. His second was *Strictly Dishonorable*, a comedy about a speakeasy which Brock Pemberton produced in New York in 1929. *Strictly Dishonorable* ran for two years, provided Sturges with wealth and fame and led to his celebrated second marriage, with the glamorous Eleanor Hutton.

Sturges' love life forms a special department of his story. His first love had been Temple Duncan, daughter of Augustin Duncan. His second had been Elsie Janis, in whose honor, at the age of 14, he had composed a one-step named *Winky*, which was published in Latvia and enjoyed success there. His third was a young lady whom he wooed in sporting style on a Deauville tennis court until the expense of this pastime reduced him to living in the same boarding-house as her chauffeur, thus ending the entanglement. During his postwar years he had fallen in love with the former Estelle de Wolfe Mudge of Bristol, R. I. and proposed to her in the aquarium. Miss Mudge had accepted him and four years of idyllic wedded romance followed. During these Sturges' mother returned to the U. S. and resumed management of the Desti Company. She was depressed by the demise of Isadora Duncan, to whom she had given the red scarf which choked the famous dancer to death when one end of it caught in the spokes of an open car in which she was starting for a drive. Sturges took up the career of an inventor, retired to the country and, while patents pended, lived on his wife's income of \$11,000 a year. This led to a divorce which preceded the eventful visit to his father.

Strictly Dishonorable made him not only a rich man but a social lion. Invited to visit the Edward E. Huttons at Palm Beach, he traveled on a train with their 20-year-old daughter. At the Huttons' a conversation with her stepfather presently ensued in which Sturges revealed their plighted troth. Hutton Sr. was distressed by the news. "Do you think you can keep my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?" was the burden of his query. "Well, not quite like this," Sturges replied, indicating an environment in which Ringling's circus served as the *divertissement* at a supper party on the lawn, "but I am making several thousand dollars a week and think we could get along." Hutton Sr. was not impressed and forbade the marriage.

His nuptials failed to delight parents-in-law

In the ensuing weeks the Huttons had their prospective son-in-law's past investigated, with discouraging results. His divorce was against him. His mother's alliance with Vely Bey gave rise to the rumor that he was at least a Turk, if not something far less socially acceptable. His connection with the cosmetic business raised doubts as to his virility. Even the little one-step, *Winky*, implied curious Baltic connections. Despite all obstacles the lovebirds achieved a headline elopement in the spring of 1930 and spent their wedding night at the home of Mrs. Perch, by now a resident of Woodstock, N. Y. The Sturgeses did not separate until 1932. Eleanor Sturges is now married to another, somewhat less affluent author, the refugee Hans Habe, who wrote *A Thousand Shall Fall*. Sturges is married to the former Louise Sargent and is the father of a 4-year-old son, Solomon Sturges IV. They live at 1917 Ivar Ave., Hollywood in a house that contains a pool table, a ping-pong table, a refectory table, 2,000 books and a 20-foot bar in its two-level living room. Mrs. Perch died on the first anniversary of her son's second marriage.

Sturges' early career was a "cool, sequestered vale" along which the tenor of his way was comparatively noiseless. Nowadays, in Hollywood, he leads a very different sort of existence which is full of activity and crowded with events. The change in his regimen is



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CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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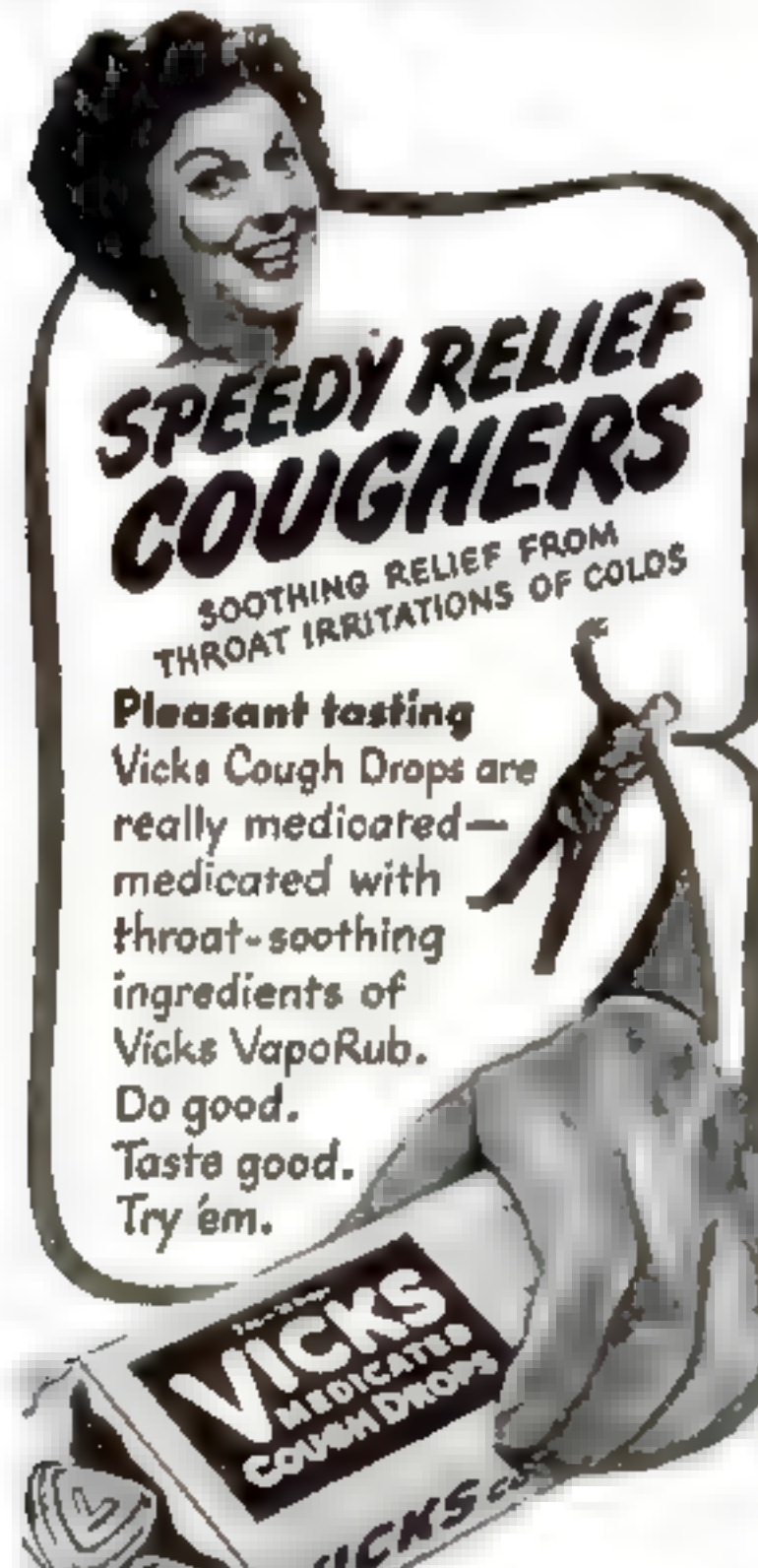
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PRESTON STURGES CONTINUED

attributable, Sturges says, to the book *How Never To Be Tired; or Two Lifetimes in One* by Marie Beynon Ray. Sturges got hold of this volume in 1940. By this time, although he had just started directing *The Great McGinty*, Sturges felt that he was wasting his time, letting grass grow under his feet and becoming an old foggy prematurely. He consulted his doctor who, unable to find organic trouble, advised him to read what Sturges now refers to as *The Book*.

How Never To Be Tired; or Two Lifetimes in One presents an open-and-shut case for the theory that fatigue and boredom are closely allied and that people grow weary less readily when doing things they like. For some readers this might seem a discouraging message since it promotes the minor problem of avoiding fatigue to the major problem of finding happiness. For Sturges, however, who had always done more or less what he liked anyway, it amounted to a revelation. He absorbed it completely after perusing the first three chapters and thereupon gave up all efforts at self-discipline so completely that he has never even got to chapter four. Nowadays, far from leading a mere double life, as recommended by Miss Ray, he leads a whole pack of lives, hoping thereby to make up for the time lost before the possibility of doing so occurred to him. Sturges' tripartite career as writer-director-producer supplies the foundation for his multiple existence but this is a house of many mansions equipped with sliding walls in which he also leads the life of a restaurateur, inventor, philanthropist, industrialist, philosopher and sportsman, or gentleman of leisure.

Giving away old clothes to the richest young man in the world is Sturges' pet philanthropy but only one of many. He has conferred benefits on almost anyone who asked for them, needy or otherwise, except his own father, who, now deceased, surprised Sturges by requesting a cut of the profits of *Strictly Dishonorable*. Sturges' interest in the restaurant business stems from his gratitude to a composer named Ted Snyder, author of *My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hurrah, Hurrah*, who taught him to write lyrics. When Mr. Snyder fell upon hard times Sturges felt obliged to help him and did so by buying him a Hollywood restaurant. The restaurant was not a success. As soon as Snyder secured an income from A.S.C.A.P., Sturges discontinued the venture but, having learned the trade, opened another one. As manager of this he installed his old friend, M. Alexis Pillet, once headwaiter at the New York Ritz and later proprietor of Pirolle's, where Sturges had spent many happy hours. As orchestra leader, he hired Harry Rosenthal, whose band had contributed to the merriment of the Ringling-Hutton lawn party. Sturges' restaurant, *The Players*, now does a \$700,000 a year business on Sunset Boulevard and affords its owner a field for his inventive and engineering talents.

Players restaurant contains galaxy of gadgets

For *The Players*, Sturges has designed and installed a special revolving bandstand whereby its two orchestras can change places without missing a note; a perambulating wall whereby the dining room can be expanded; a new-fangled garbage hoist, and a method of extricating people and tables from the "booths" which are a feature of all Hollywood eateries. More important are his recent inventions in the field of cinema photography. These include a scheme for making the sound track on 16-mm. film as satisfactory as it is on full-sized 35-mm. film and a device for doing away with the "Latham Loop" in a movie camera or projector. Sturges also has an engineering company whose specialty is diesel engines. He has taken a scientific interest in them since 1914 partly because his and Isadora Duncan's good friend, Paris Singer, of the Singer Sewing Machine family, had a financial interest in them. Sturges has diesel engines in his self-designed yacht, the *Destiny*.

Sturges' ability to lead a rounded, not to say global, life is enhanced by the fact that he is a slave to habit. This shows up most clearly in his sporting and social lives. Sturges' terrestrial sports are ping-pong and prizefighting. He plays ping-pong at home on Sunday and ascribes his excellent health no less to late hours and lack of repose than to exercise, which of course never makes him tired. After a day of strenuous ping-pong he rests by having a large weekly party which lasts till 4 a.m. Sturges attends prize-fights every Tuesday and Friday evening. He always goes to the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

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**Seagram's
5 Crown**

*Say Seagram's and be Sure
of Pre-War Quality*

PRESTON STURGES CONTINUED

fight by the same route, taking with him the same companions, who sit in the same seats. At the fights he bets with his companions and with Pillet, a credulous absentee backer who stays at The Players, at \$1 a bout, taking the white corner against the black without regard to occupants.

Sturges' habits are so precise that most of his associates, who are also departmentalized into fight friends, work friends, Sunday-night friends and so on, know exactly where to find him at any time of day or night. From 8:45 a.m. until 9 p.m., on all days except fight days, he will be at the studio working on pictures. Then he will dine at The Players and stay there talking until 2 or 3 in the morning. Thursday night Sturges takes his wife out to dinner. On Sunday he stays at home until the guests arrive for the evening party. In addition to the lip rouge and the loopless camera, Sturges' inventions include a projection machine intended to make it easier for brokers to read ticker tape, which his foster father wrongly pronounced impractical in 1917; a vertical flight plane with rotating wings; a card-indexing system for libraries, and a special method of playing *chemin de fer*.

To Sturges' Hollywood colleagues, his colorful past and his lively present are dwarfed as subjects for discussion by his even more controversial future. Sturges himself, stimulated by The Book, has some extensive ideas about this. One of his smaller plans is to start a nationwide chain of 200 movie theaters, equipped with Sturges inventions and designed by Sturges, chiefly as a medium for showing Sturges pictures, though they may also come in handy for other good pictures between times. After this he has some ideas about moving on from the movie business, which is just one phase of American life, and improving American life generally, perhaps through working as an American humorist in politics. Sturges' politics are at present an unknown quantity.

In addition to his future, what puzzles Hollywood about Sturges is what makes him tick, if such a diminutive can be applied to his doings. Sturges himself experiences no confusion on this point. He ascribes it to his philosophy, which he states in a nutshell. It consists, he says, in "living in the contemplation of death," and gives an example of its application. Some months ago he encountered Ella Raines moping sadly about the lot and asked what was the matter. The actress explained that when her dressing room had been redecorated, the painters had made it green instead of blue, which she had ordered.

"I asked her," Sturges says, "to picture herself on her deathbed. She was 80 years old. She was just drawing her last breath. Now, at that moment, she recalled herself at 20, on the threshold of her career, possessed of youth, health, beauty, fame, wealth and everything else she wanted. I asked whether she would want to remember, at that last moment, that she had allowed a whole day, or even one of those golden minutes, to be spoiled just because a painter had made the walls the wrong color."

According to Sturges, Miss Raines perked up immediately. As for himself, he contemplates death constantly and finds it a soothing subject.

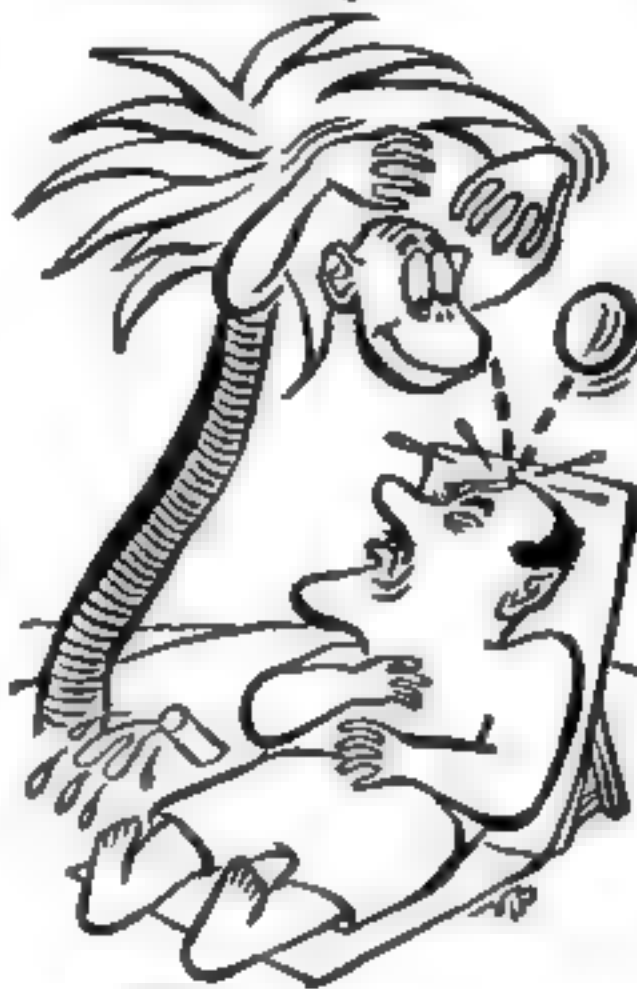


STURGES DRIVES about the studios in a Bantam car belonging to his wife. Car, which can be driven onto stages, is not one of Sturges' inventions.

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HUNTERS WAIT behind grass-covered blind while they watch for keeper to give go-ahead signal by raising his hands. Ducks are in canal on other side of blind.



A QUICK DASH around blind to canal edge follows keeper's signal. Hunters were cautioned to keep their relative positions and to keep low until all were in place on the bank.

Life Goes to an Imperial Duck Hunt

Allied correspondents and American officers net wild fowl in the Japanese emperor's private preserve

A few weeks ago Emperor Hirohito, through the Japanese Board of Information, invited some Allied correspondents and American soldiers to go duck hunting in the imperial Japanese style. About 25 hunters motored 20 miles out beyond the suburbs of Tokyo to the imperial duck preserve at Santama. There they were met by the Emperor's Grand Master of the Hunt, who explained the rules.

The rules were ingenious, if not entirely fair to the ducks. Each hunter was equipped with a large but light and very maneuverable net on the end of a bamboo pole. He then concealed himself with nine other hunters behind a high duck blind. On the other side of the blind was a narrow canal in

which were swimming wild ducks lured there by live decoys. At a signal from a gamekeeper, the sportsmen ran out quietly from behind the blind and stood along the banks of the canal, virtually on top of their game. As the frightened ducks flew up into the air, the high point of the hunt was reached. In a welter of swishing nets and clattering bamboo handles the hunters swung their nets at the almost helpless birds. Everybody caught at least one duck. Said LIFE's correspondent, "A 5-year-old child with rickets and bad eyesight would have found it difficult to catch less than one."

As the contents of one canal became exhausted, the sportsmen moved to another. They waited be-

hind a blind until a keeper signaled that a sufficient number of ducks was in the canal. Then they rushed out again. After two hours of sport an elaborate luncheon was served including roast duck, glazed duck, goose livers, roast beef, roast ham, salad, cookies, hot sake and coffee. The hunt was resumed in the afternoon. At day's end everybody either had caught or was given three ducks.

There were 16 canals, teeming with carp, and an estimated 50,000 birds in the 25-acre preserve, one of the three duck-hunting grounds which the emperor owns. The emperor himself never hunts there. When he was a child he used to enjoy hunting, but has not swung a net at a duck since he grew up.



DECOYS lure wild birds into the canals. Depth and narrowness of canals made it very unusual for ducks, mostly mallard and teal, to evade the sportsmen's nets.



IN FRANTIC FLIGHT a wild teal rises up over the nets. Once up, it will have enough speed to avoid the back-handed swipes of two hunters whose nets have become entangled.



DUCK ESCAPES the scooping nets and is gone. Most of those that got away owed their lives to other ducks who were occupying the sportsmen at the same moment. The

hunters were warned in printed circular not to step up on raised canal edges because "there have been a few cases of accident." Warning was ignored but nobody fell in.

Imperial Duck Hunt CONTINUED



BEST HUNTER OF DAY was Brig. General Frayne Baker, who is acting public relations officer for General MacArthur. Before duck netting started he caught a carp in a three-foot wooden tub (*left*). Later he posed (*center*), wearing the smile of one who

has bested a lion with his bare hands, holding the six ducks he personally netted. The GI drivers (*right*) who chauffeured the sportsmen were served lunch by waiters of imperial household. Shocked Japs thought lower-caste waiters should have been used.



AFTERNOON, ENDED ABRUPTLY WHEN 1,000 YET UNSWATTED DUCKS, FRIGHTENED BY APPROACH OF LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER GEORGE SILK, FLEW AWAY IN A CLOUD

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POLLY PECKS AT MEAT AND POTATOES, WILL EAT ALMOST ANYTHING

PARROT PRODIGY

Possibly the most domineering bird in the U. S. is a 24-year-old parrot named Polly who lives with the Elliot E. Simpsons in a New York City penthouse. Polly insists upon getting into bed with Mrs. Simpson every morning, heckles Mr. Simpson in Mrs. Simpson's voice, swipes food from guests' plates. She is also a prodigy: sings soprano to the butler's trumpet, speaks fluent English and occasional Spanish. Polly is considered brighter than some people by Mr. Simpson, who likes her though she once bit him.



PARROT SLIDES DOWN BANISTER and climbs up on it. Polly is comparatively young at 24, since some parrots live

to be 100. She laid her first eggs, which never hatched, several years ago. Her proud owner is a prosperous rubber dealer.

JANUARY

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FOR A BRIGHT NEW YEAR [♪]



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